



No. 85

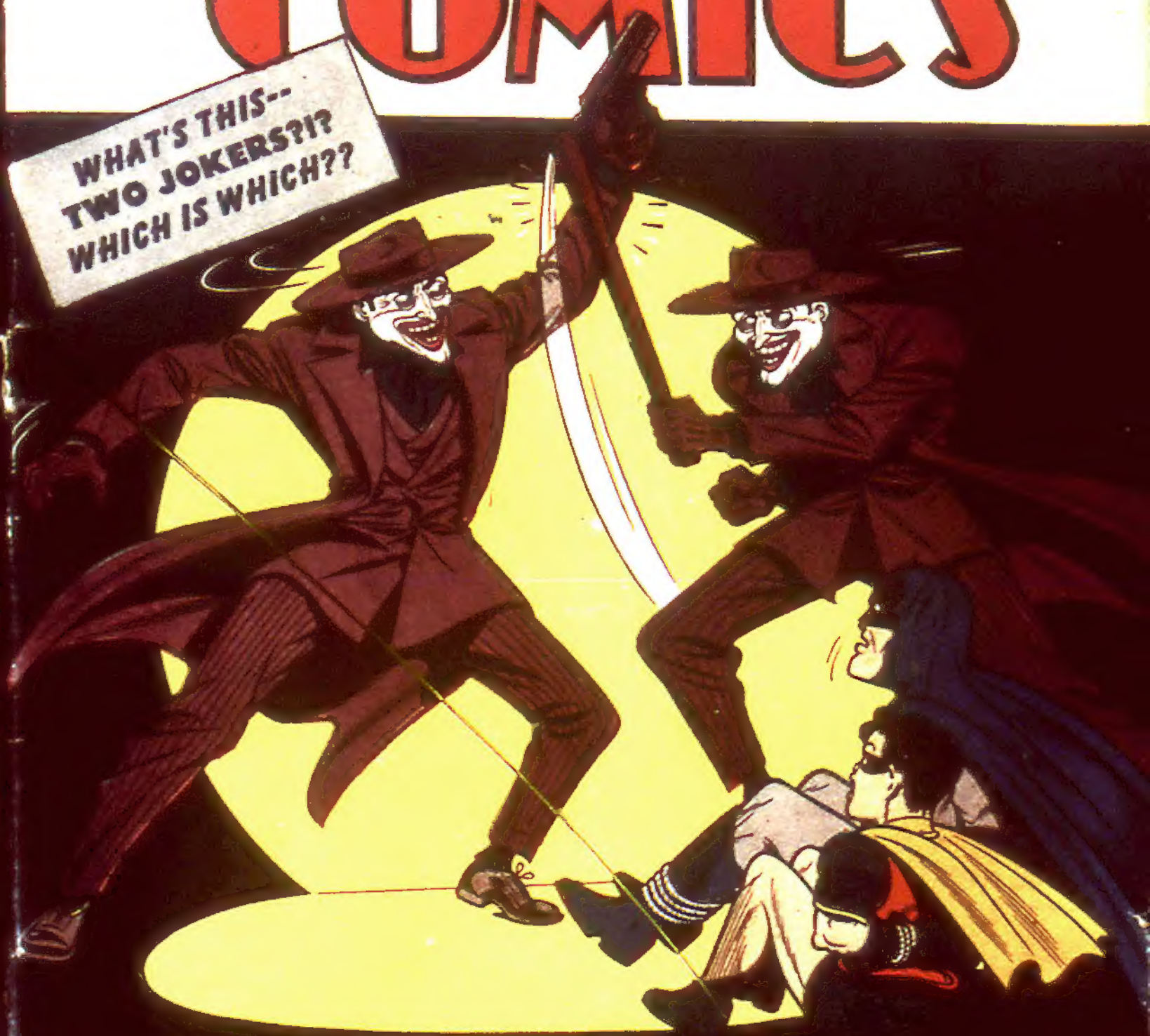
MARCH...TEN CENTS



Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WHAT'S THIS--
TWO JOKERS?!?
WHICH IS WHICH??



Editorial Advisory Board of the

SUPERMAN DC COMIC MAGAZINES:

JOSETTE FRANK

Consultant on Children's Reading,
Child Study Association of America

DR. C. BOWIE MILLICAN

Department of English Literature,
New York University

DR. W. W. D. SONES

Professor of Education and
Director of Curriculum Study,
University of Pittsburgh

DR. ROBERT THORNDIKE

Department of Educational Psychology,
Teachers College, Columbia University

Com. GENE TUNNEY, U.S.N.R.

Executive Board, Boy Scout Foundation
and Member, Board of Directors,
Catholic Youth Organization



The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

8 MONTHLY MAGAZINES:

ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS*
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS*
DETECTIVE COMICS
FLASH COMICS
MORE FUN COMICS*
SENSATION COMICS
STAR SPANGLED COMICS

6 BI-MONTHLY MAGAZINES:

(Issued every other month)

ALL-FLASH*
ALL-STAR COMICS*
BATMAN
MUTT & JEFF*
SUPERMAN
WONDER WOMAN*

6 QUARTERLY MAGAZINES:

(Issued every third month)

BOY COMMANDOS
COMIC CAVALCADE
GREEN LANTERN
LEADING COMICS

WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE*

*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterly; ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year for the duration.

GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK.

Director of Children's Reading,

CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

SPONGER'S JINX

by Bert Sackett

Illustrated by Clayton Knight



Diving for sponges is a dangerous business. It calls for courage and great skill.

Captain Tillis, like other sponge fisherman on the gulf coast of Florida, was a Greek-American and had brought his skill from the "old country". And now his son was seventeen and eager for his chance to go down to the ocean's bottom and bring up the valuable sponges that grew there.

But the hurricane that wrecked Captain Tillis's boat swept the captain to his death, and left young Soc to struggle for himself against the unfairness and bitter superstitions of the other spongers. The odds seemed to be all against him. Even when his father's friend gave him a chance on his boat things seemed to go wrong.

Then suddenly there was serious trouble. Stalios, his father's old enemy, was caught on the bottom, pinned beneath a coral reef, that had been blasted by U. S. bomber practice. Soc was inexperienced but willing to risk his life. Bringing the stricken diver to the surface was a feat which changed the attitudes of the men toward Soc and set him on the road to his dearest wish—a sponging boat of his own.

This is a fine new book. Ask your librarian about it.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

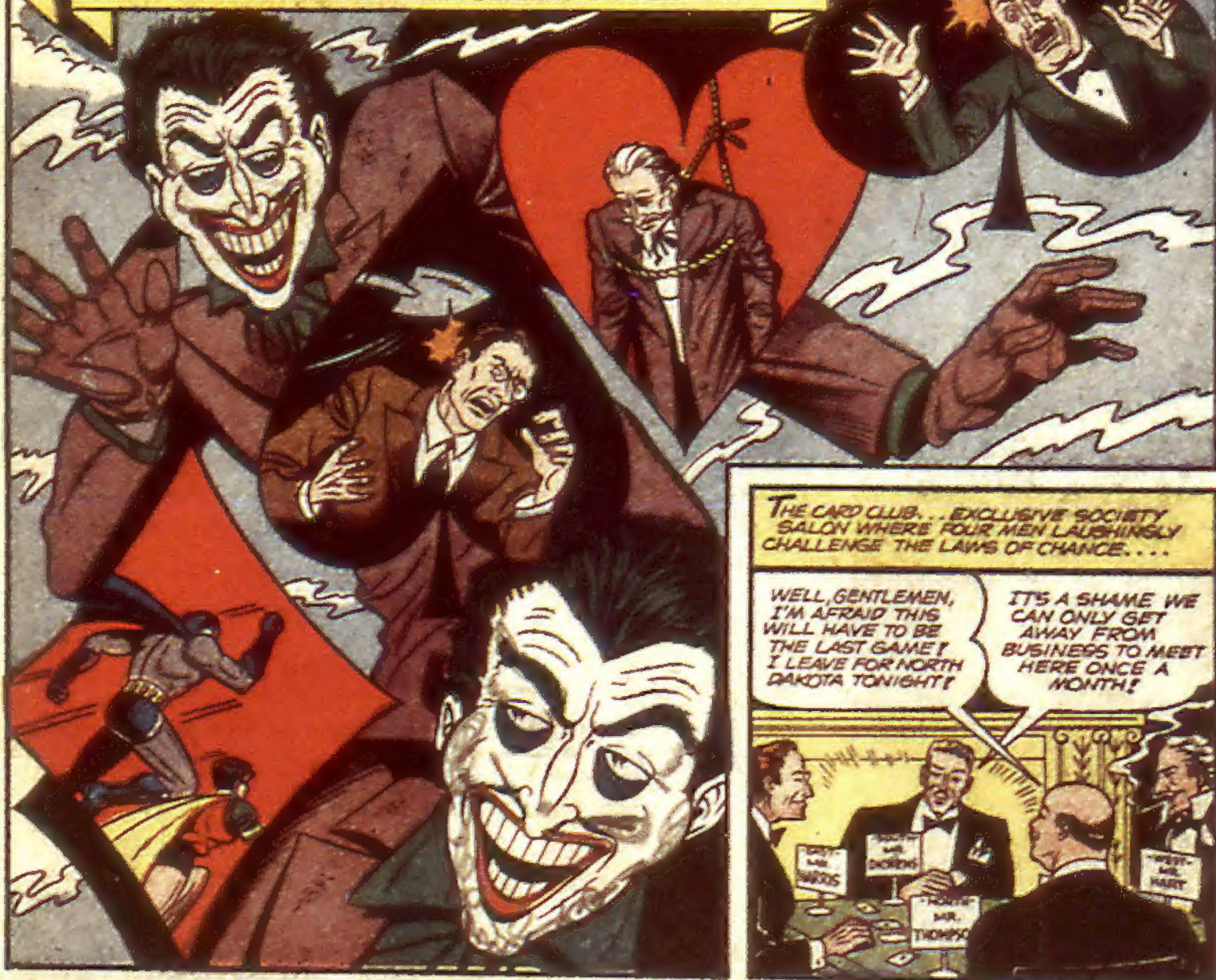
(Code Uranus No. 6)

QK GXK ROBOTM LUX ZNK LAZAXK. OTBKYZ
OT ZNGZ LAZAXK LUX EUAXYKRZ. HAE G CGX
HUTJ UX YZGSV ZUJGE!

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

NORTH, EAST, SOUTH AND WEST... A FANTASTIC FIGURE THAT PURPORTS TO BE THE JOKER, LASHES OUT IN A SERIES OF DIABOLICAL CRIMES THAT TURNS THE BATTLE OF LAW VERSUS LARCENY INTO A BIZARRE BRIDGE GAME. HERE IS A MOCKING MASQUERADE THAT TURNS THE TABLES OF RIGHT AND WRONG INTO A TOPSY-TURVY OF MADNESS! HERE IS AN ADVENTURE THAT FINDS THE JOKER A PARTNER OF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN, BATTLING ALONGSIDE THEM TO SOLVE A BAFFLING CRIME... AND THEN BIDDING FOR VICTORY WITH A TERRIFYING TRUMP CARD IN THE MYSTERY OF - "THE JOKER'S DOUBLE"...



THE CARD CLUB... EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY SALON WHERE FOUR MEN LAUGHINGLY CHALLENGE THE LAWS OF CHANCE....

WELL, GENTLEMEN, I'M AFRAID THIS WILL HAVE TO BE THE LAST GAME! I LEAVE FOR NORTH DAKOTA TONIGHT!

IT'S A SHAME WE CAN ONLY GET AWAY FROM BUSINESS TO MEET HERE ONCE A MONTH!



AS THE FOUR MEN PREPARE TO LEAVE...

IT WAS A PLEASURE PLAYING WITH YOU, MY FRIENDS! I HOPE WE'LL SOON ENJOY ANOTHER RUBBER OF BRIDGE!

I'M SURE WE WILL! PLEASANT TRIP!

SAME TO YOU!



TO TAKE FOUR PATHS LEADING TO DIFFERENT POINTS OF THE COMPASS... AND FOUR STRANGE DESTINIES!

DEEP IN THE BLEAK, BADLANDS OF NORTH DAKOTA, A GIANT FACTORY CRAWLS ACROSS ACRES OF PLAINS.



TWELVE O'CLOCK AND ALL'S WELL!

LIKE THE WILD NORTH WIND CREEPING THROUGH THE SMALLEST CRACK, A SHADOWY FIGURE SLIPS INTO THE LONELY BUILDING...



TWELVE O'CLOCK AND ALL'S WELL... FOR ME! THAT STUPID WATCHMAN COULDN'T SEE A LIGHTHOUSE IN THE DAYTIME!

A BIZARRE FIGURE CLAD IN THE STRANGE GARB THAT BELONGS TO ANOTHER MAN—THE JOKER!...

A MASTERPIECE OF MAKE-UP! IF THE JOKER WERE TO SEE ME NOW! HE WOULD WELCOME ME AS HIS LONG-LOST TWIN-BROTHER... IF HE EVER HAD ONE!



WIELDING HIS CRUEL WEAPON, LIKE A BLUDGEON, THE JOKER'S DOUBLE STRIKES ONCE...

GOOD EVENING, THOMPSON! ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY CALLING CARD! I ALWAYS CALL A SPADE A CALLING CARD!



THE JOKER! AAAHHHH!

TEN... ELEVEN... TWELVE THOUSAND! NOT BAD AT ALL! I'M AFRAID MR. THOMPSON'S BUSINESS CURVE HAS TAKEN A SHARP TURN FOR THE WORSE!



WITH A FINAL GESTURE, THE JOKER'S DOUBLE FLINGS THE SYMBOL OF THE MASTER OF MOCKERY IN THE FACE OF JUSTICE...

I'M SURE THE JOKER WON'T MIND TAKING CREDIT FOR THIS LITTLE JOB... HE MAY AS WELL BE HUNG FOR A LAMB AS A LAMB!



AND ONCE MORE SCANDALIZED SOCIETY SHOUTS IN STUNNED PROTEST...

WUXTRY! WUXTRY! JOKER MURDERS MAN IN NORTH DAKOTA!

THE JOKER! LOOSE AGAIN!

HERE, BOY, LET'S HAVE A PAPER...



ALMOST FASTER THAN THE NEWS CAN SPREAD--THE JOKER'S DOUBLE STRIKES AGAIN--IN SOUTH DAKOTA!

THE GAME MOVES QUICKLY... LOOKS LIKE IT'S TIME FOR ME TO CONTRIBUTE ANOTHER CRIME TO THE REAL JOKER'S INFAMY!

TINY PEBBLES PATTERN AGAINST THE WINDOW PANE-- MUTED MESSENGERS OF DOOM FROM THE DOUBLE!

NOW TO SEE IF BANK PRESIDENT DICKENS IS CURIOUS... AH-- HE'S AT THE WINDOW!

AN UPTHRUST WINDOW-- A CURIOUS GLANCE OUTSIDE-- AND THE JOKER'S DOUBLE WIELDS A PAIR OF MURDEROUS CLUBS!

NICE OF YOU TO ANSWER MY CALL, DICKENS. I HOPE MY INTENTIONS GO STRAIGHT TO YOUR HEAD!

WHA... OHHHH!

SECONDS LATER...

AND SO DICKENS' BANK MAKES A CONTRIBUTION TO MY POCKET, AND THE JOKER'S DOUBLE MAKES A CONTRIBUTION TO THE CRIME CLOWN'S RECORD! NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT ME!

AGAIN THE JOKER'S DOUBLE DROPS A MISLEADING CHALLENGE...

SUCH MODESTY! I HATE TO GIVE THE JOKER CREDIT FOR MY CLEVERNESS!

FAR FROM THE FRIGHTENED CROWDS IN THEIR HIDDEN GARAGE, BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON, DISCUSS THE ELECTRIFYING NEWS AS THEY TUNE THE BATMOBILE FOR SERVICE...

TURNING CRIME INTO A KIND OF CARD GAME? THE JOKER'S DONE IT AGAIN!

I'M NOT SO SURE, DICK! IT'S NOT LIKE THE JOKER TO BEAT TWO MEN TO DEATH WITH A SPADE AND CLUBS! I THINK SOMEONE'S TRYING TO PLANT THOSE MURDERS ON THE JOKER.

YOU'RE NOT DEFENDING THE JOKER, ARE YOU?

NO, I'M NOT! THE JOKER IS AMERICA'S MOST CUNNING CRIMINAL, BUT AT THE SAME TIME HE HAS HIS OWN PECULIAR CODE OF HONOR! AND THAT CODE DOES NOT INCLUDE CLUMSY, BRUTAL CRIMES! THERE'S A LOT MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE!

HERE... GET THAT TIRE BLOWN UP... I'M GOING OUT! BOTH DICKENS AND THOMPSON WERE MEMBERS OF MY CLUB! MAYBE I CAN PICK UP A FEW CLUES THERE WHILE THE POLICE ARE INVESTIGATING!



HERE IS THE HEART OF MY HOME! THIS TROPHY ROOM WILL BE MOVED TO MY NEW QUARTERS... FOR EACH OF THESE OBJECTS HAS PLAYED A VITAL PART IN MY CAREER!

FIFTY FEET OVERHEAD, THE JOKER STANDS IN SINISTER SILHOUETTE...



ROBIN!

HERE'S SOMETHING THAT'S GOING TO PLAY ANOTHER VITAL PART IN YOUR CAREER, JOKER!

HAH! FRES ALREADY, EH? IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I SEND YOU UNDER AGAIN!



HEY!

RELAX, ROBIN, THIS LOOKS LIKE A LONG DROP!

THE HEART OF MY HOME LEADS TO THE VEINS OF MY HOME, GENTLEMEN... DON'T THINK I WASN'T PREPARED FOR THIS!



YES, THE VEINS OF MY HOME! YOU'RE IN A VAST LABYRINTH, DEAR FRIENDS, AS LONG AND INTRICATE AS THE VEINS OF A HUMAN BODY! THERE YOU'LL STAY UNTIL I, THE JOKER, HAVE SOLVED THIS CRIME FOR YOU AND DRAGGED MY IMPOSTOR BACK TO YOU BY THE SCRUFF OF THE NECK! I SHALL PROVE TO YOU THAT NO MATTER WHICH SIDE OF THE LAW THE JOKER TAKES, HE ALWAYS WINS!



LIKE A CLAP OF DOOM, THE TRAPDOOR SLAMS, PLUNGING THE DUO INTO VELVET BLACKNESS...

GOLLY, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS... BUT HOW? WE COULD WANDER THROUGH THESE PASSAGES FOREVER!

MAYBE NOT FOREVER! HMM... LET ME HAVE THAT BALL! GOOD THING YOU BROUGHT IT ALONG!



A POWERFUL WRENCH OF WRISTS, AND BATMAN RIPS AWAY THE COVERING, REVEALING THE SPUN WOOL PACKING...

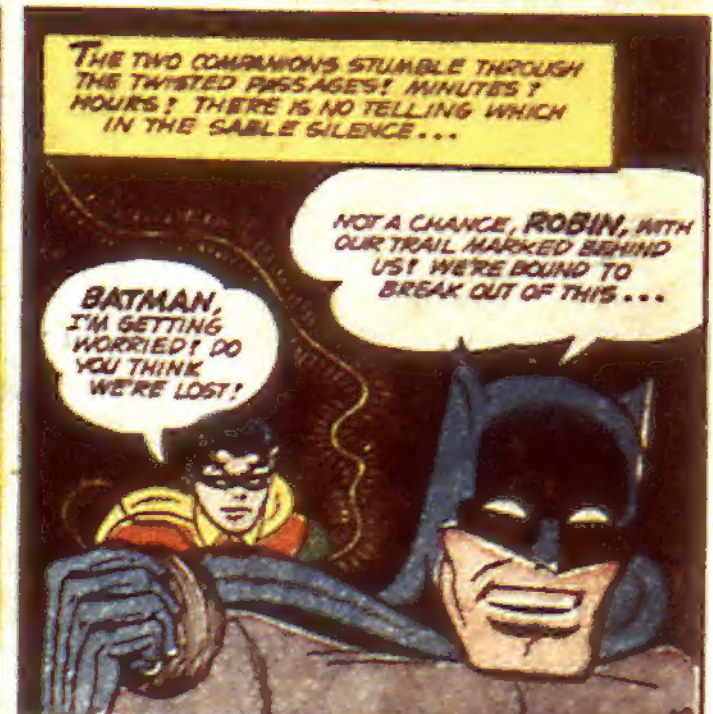
LUCKY WE'VE GOT THAT GLOWING FUNGUS PLANT OVERHEAD FOR A LITTLE LIGHT!

LUCKIER THAN YOU THINK! AS SOON AS I GET ONE END OF THIS BALL OF THREAD TIED DOWN I'LL SHOW YOU!



KEEP RUBBING THE FUNGUS ON THE THREAD, ROBIN - THAT WAY WE WON'T BE IN DANGER OF WALKING IN CIRCLES!

I GET IT! WE'RE TURNING THIS INTO A ONE-WAY LABYRINTH... THE RIGHT WAY OUT!



THE TWO COMPANIONS STUMBLE THROUGH THE TWISTED PASSAGES! MINUTES? HOURS? THERE IS NO TELLING WHICH IN THE SABLE SILENCE...

NOT A CHANCE, ROBIN, WITH OUR TRAIL MARKED BEHIND US! WE'RE BOUND TO BREAK OUT OF THIS...

BATMAN, I'M GETTING WORRIED! DO YOU THINK WE'RE LOST?

THEN LIKE A LIGHTHOUSE BEACON,
THE FAINT GLOW OF TWILIGHT FILTERS
THROUGH A DISTANT NARROW DOOR

THERE
IT IS,
ROBIN,
THE WAY
OUT!
PROBABLY
ONE OF
THE JOKER'S
SECRET
EXITS!

AM I GLAD WE
FOUND IT! WE
CAN'T LET THE
JOKER GET THE
JUMP ON US
IN THIS
CASE!

THE JOKER
MAY BE FIGHTING
ON THE SIDE OF
THE LAW, BUT IT'S
LIKE THE JOKER
TO MAKE A PROFIT
FOR HIMSELF
WHenever HE
FIGHTS!

LIKE TWIN THUNDERBOLTS,
THE BATMAN AND ROBIN
FLASHBACK TO THE
BATPLANE!

WHAT'S
OUR NEXT
MOVE?

THE DOUBLES CRIMES
HAVE FOLLOWED THE
PATTERN OF A BRIDGE GAME.
A DIFFERENT CARD SUIT
WAS INVOLVED IN EACH!
FIRST A SPADE, THEN TWO
CLUBS AND NOW THREE
HEARTS... THE ONLY SUIT
LEFT IS DIAMONDS...

THE CRIMES WERE
COMMITTED AS THOUGH THE
COUNTRY WERE A BRIDGE
TABLE! NORTH DAKOTA...
SOUTH DAKOTA... WEST
VIRGINIA... THAT LEAVES
EAST—AND NO STATE
BEGINS WITH EAST...

WAIT A MINUTE,
ROBIN! VIRGINIA
IS EAST OF WEST
VIRGINIA! SEE!
NORTH AND SOUTH
DAKOTA... WEST
AND EAST VIRGINIA!

HARRIS, A MEMBER
OF THE CARD CLUB, HAS
A CURIO SHOP IN RICHMOND,
VIRGINIA... AND HARRIS
OWNS A FAMOUS SET OF
DIAMONDS...

THAT'S ALL
WE WANT
TO KNOW!

BURNISHED BLACK WINGS
SHAMMERING UNDER THE NIGHT
SKY, THE BATPLANE BLAZES
EASTWARD TO VIRGINIA...

IM JUST WONDERING
WHO COULD HAVE
THE AUDACITY TO
IMITATE THE
JOKER!

WE'LL
FIND OUT
BEFORE THE
NIGHT IS OVER!

NIGHT CREEPS ON... AND IN THE
RICH JEWELRY DISTRICT OF
RICHMOND, A FIGURE FLITS
INTO A CURIO SHOP...

HARRIS
CURIOS

WITH THE
JOKER AND
BATMAN OUT
OF THE WAY,
FIGHTING EACH
OTHER, THE ROAD
IS OPEN FOR
ME!

INSIDE—A MUSTY MAZE OF TREASURES
FROM THE WORLD OVER, AND THE
FIGURE KNEELS BEFORE AN
ANCIENT SAFE...

FOUR DIAMONDS! WHAT BEAUTIES!
WHAT PERFECT STONES! WITH
THIS, THE TEMPORARY JOKER
MAKES HIS FINAL BID!



AT THE EXCLUSIVE CARD CLUB...

CAN'T YOU TELL US ANYTHING MORE THAN THAT, MR. HART?

I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN! THAT'S ALL I KNOW! I CAN'T THINK WHY THE JOKER SHOULD STRIKE AT US LIKE THIS!

WE ALL PLAYED BRIDGE TOGETHER FOR YEARS, ALWAYS TAKING THESE SAME POSITIONS. THOMPSON WAS NORTH AND DICKENS WAS SOUTH... NOW THAT BOTH HAVE BEEN MURDERED, I DON'T KNOW WHICH OF US WILL BE NEXT! EAST... OR WEST...

I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO RETURN TO WEST VIRGINIA TONIGHT! MY BUSINESS IS IN FAYETTEVILLE, YOU KNOW!

DON'T WORRY, MR. HART! WE'LL HAVE THE JOKER BEHIND BARS BEFORE YOU GET HOME!

NOT WITHOUT BATMAN'S HELP, BROTHER?

ONE AVENUE OF INFORMATION A DEAD-END--BRUCE AND DICK TAKE THE ONLY REMAINING ROAD--THE ROAD TO ACTION!



WE'D BETTER HIT THE AIR, ROBIN, AND FOLLOW HART DOWN TO FAYETTEVILLE! FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS I'VE A HUNCH THAT'S WHERE TROUBLE IS DUE TO POPT

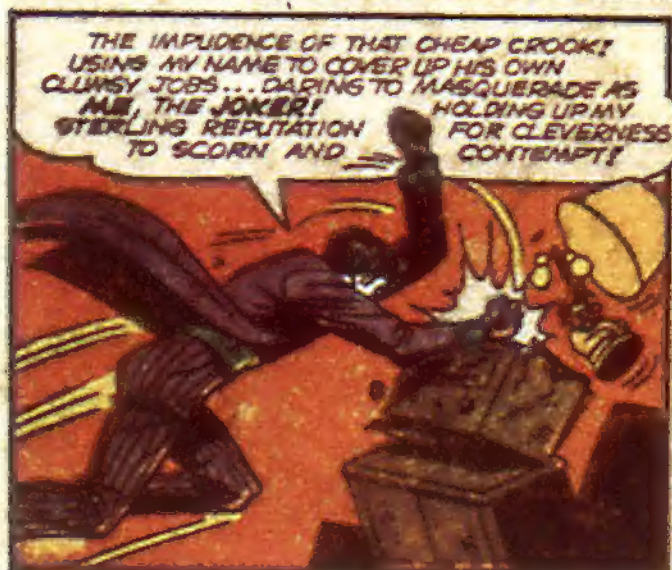
THAT'S FOR ME, BATMAN! I LIKE TO KEEP COMPANY WITH TROUBLE!



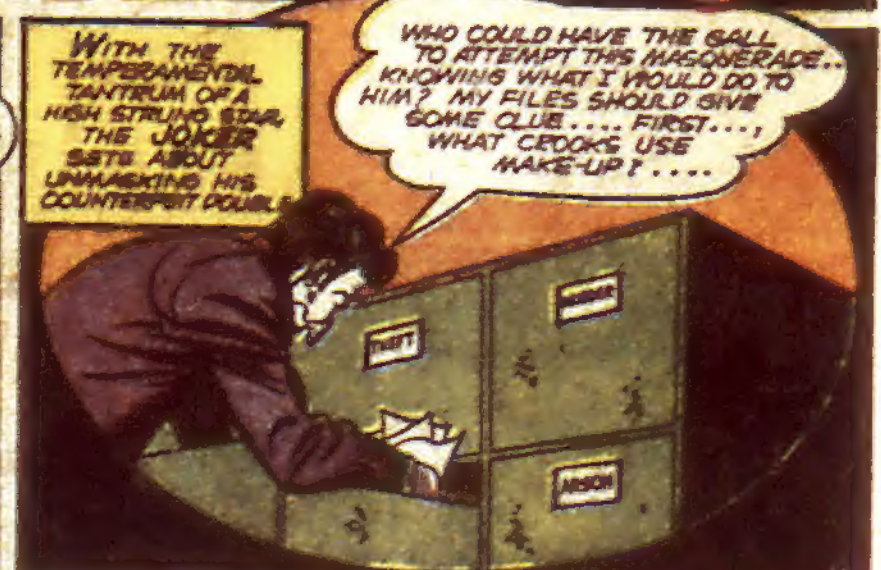
WHILE AT THE SAME MOMENT, IN THE FASTNESS OF HIS HIDDEN RETREAT, THE JOKER IS STARTLED BY THE RADIO'S NEWS...

WHAT'S THAT? THE JOKER?

...FOLLOWING HIS FIRST CRIME BY LESS THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, THE JOKER STRUCK AGAIN LAST NIGHT AT CARL DICKENS, OF THE ASSOCIATED BANKING CO. HE STOLE MORE THAN FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!



THE IMPUDENCE OF THAT CHEAP CROOK! USING MY NAME TO COVER UP HIS OWN CLUNGY JOBS... DARING TO MASQUERADE AS ME, THE JOKER! STERLING REPUTATION TO SCORN AND HOLDING UP MY FOR CLEVERNESS CONTEMPT!



WITH THE TEMPERAMENTAL TANTRUM OF A HIGH STRINGING STAR, THE JOKER SETS ABOUT UNMASKING HIS COUNTERPART DOUBLE

WHO COULD HAVE THE GALL TO ATTEMPT THIS MASQUERADE... KNOWING WHAT I WOULD DO TO HIM? MY FILES SHOULD GIVE SOME CLUE.... FIRST... WHAT CROOKS USE MAKE-UP!....

SO THE INDEX SHOWS NOTHING ON MAKE-UP... NONE OF THE CROOKS WHO SPECIALIZE IN COSTUMES IS OUT OF JAIL... VERY WELL THE JOKER'S NOT BEATEN YET... I'LL TRY THE FILES ON CRIME METHODIST WHAT THUGS SPECIALIZE IN BEATING THEIR VICTIMS?...

NOTHING... THOUSANDS OF CROOKS, BUT NOT ONE HAS EVER USED A CLUB OR A SPADE... THERE ISN'T A CLUE IN ALL MY FILES! I MUST START OUT ON A BARE TRAIL!

A71 TT305
MUGS MCKANNY-HEIGHT 5'10"
WT 177; SECOND-STORY MAN.
SPECIALTY-LEAD-PIPE!

VERY WELL, THEN! EVEN IF IT MEANS THAT I MUST NOW FIGHT ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER, I'LL SMASH THIS CHEAP IMITATION AND EXPOSE HIM! NO SACRIFICE IS TOO GREAT TO MAINTAIN THE HONOR OF THE JOKER!

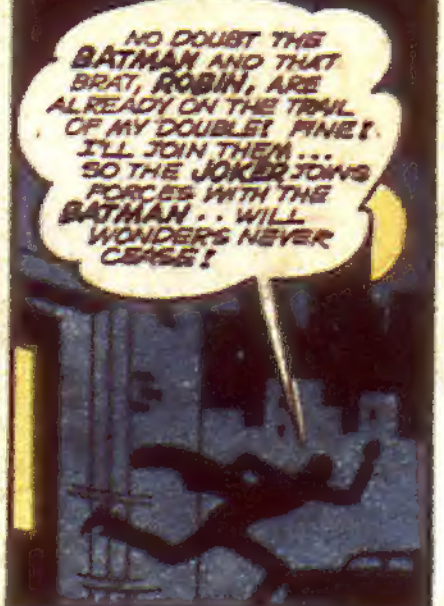


GENTLEMEN... I GIVE YOU JUSTICE! THE JOKER TURNS DETECTIVE AT LAST AND JOINS HIS ARCH-ENEMIES IN A FIGHT AGAINST CRIME...

A GLASS-SHATTERING CRASH AS THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE DRINKS A TOAST TO HIMSELF...



THE JOKER ALONE WILL PROVE THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY... HA-HA-HA!



NO DOUBT THE BATMAN AND THAT BRAT, ROBIN, ARE ALREADY ON THE TRAIL OF MY DOUBLE! FINE! I'LL JOIN THEM... SO THE JOKER JOINS FORCES WITH THE BATMAN... WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE!

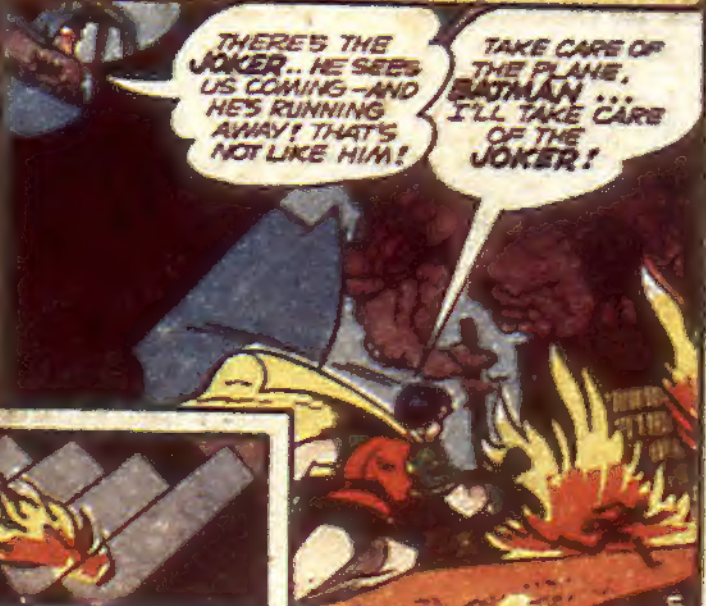


BATMAN! ISN'T THAT HART'S FACTORY? LOOK THERE... IT'S BURNING!

LOOKS LIKE HART'S HUNCH ABOUT TROUBLE WAS RIGHT! THE JOKER BEAT US TO IT, ROBIN!

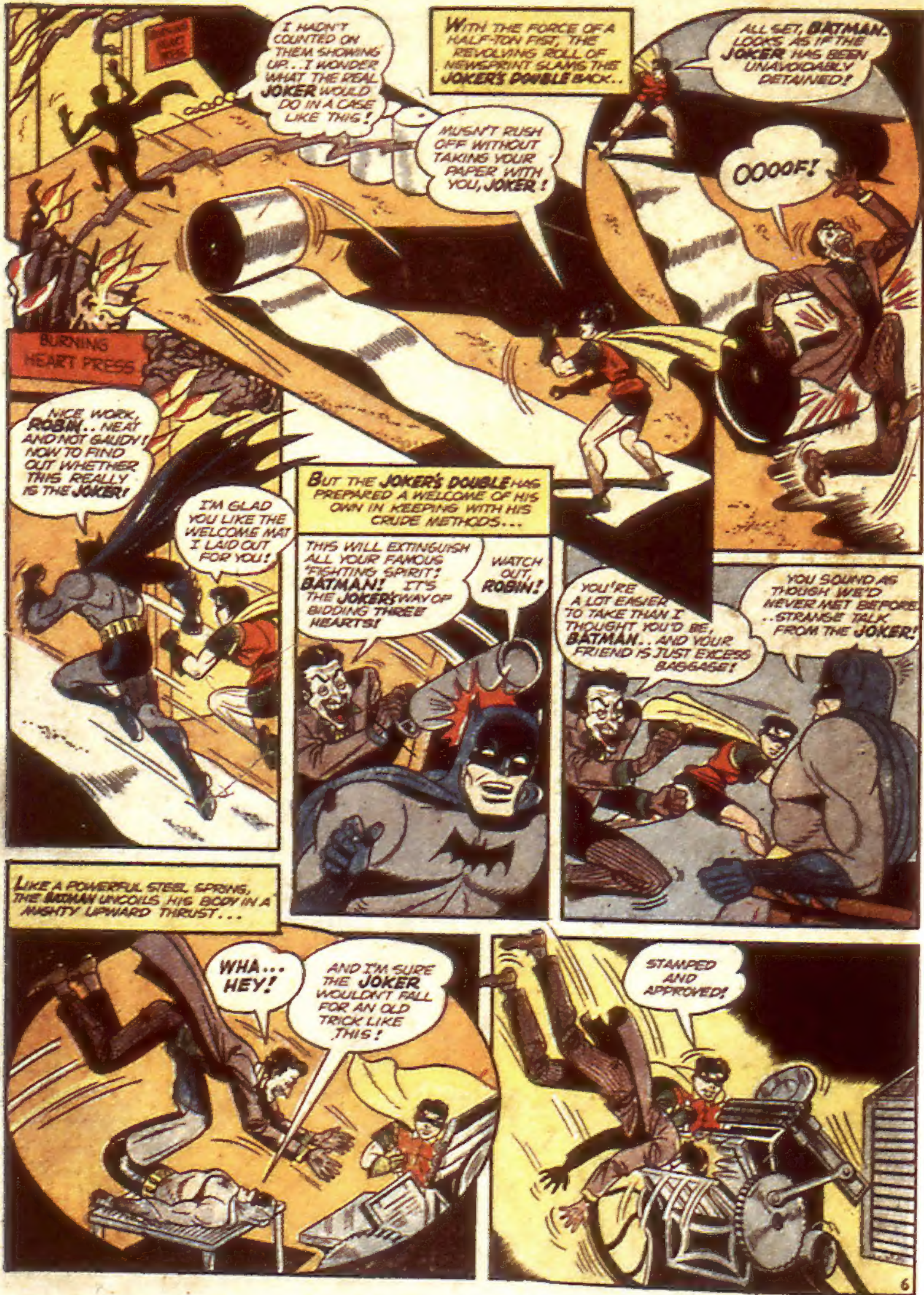
HOURS LATER, LOFTING THROUGH THE NIGHT-SKIES LIKE A GIANT WINGED CREATURE, THE BATPLANE SPEEDS IN SPACE TOWARD FAYETTEVILLE...

GIANT MOTORS MOANING THEIR POWER, THE BATPLANE BORES DOWN TOWARD EARTH IN A POWER DIVE...



THERE'S THE JOKER... HE SEES US COMING-AND HE'S RUNNING AWAY! THAT'S NOT LIKE HIM!

TAKE CARE OF THE PLANE, BATMAN... I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE JOKER!



I HADN'T COUNTED ON THEM SHOWING UP... I WONDER WHAT THE REAL JOKER WOULD DO IN A CASE LIKE THIS!

WITH THE FORCE OF A HALF-TON FIST, THE REVOLVING ROLL OF NEWSPRINT SLAMS THE JOKER'S DOUBLE BACK...

ALL SET, BATMAN. LOOKS AS IF THE JOKER HAS BEEN UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED!

MUSN'T RUSH OFF WITHOUT TAKING YOUR PAPER WITH YOU, JOKER!

OOOOF!

BURNING HEART PRESS

NICE WORK, ROBIN... NEAT AND NOT GAUDY! NOW TO FIND OUT WHETHER THIS REALLY IS THE JOKER!

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE THE WELCOME MAT I LAID OUT FOR YOU!

BUT THE JOKER'S DOUBLE HAS PREPARED A WELCOME OF HIS OWN IN KEEPING WITH HIS CRUDE METHODS...

THIS WILL EXTINGUISH ALL YOUR FAMOUS 'FIGHTING SPIRIT'! BATMAN! IT'S THE JOKER'S WAY OF BIDDING THREE HEARTS!

WATCH OUT, ROBIN!

YOU'RE A LOT EASIER TO TAKE THAN I THOUGHT YOU'D BE, BATMAN... AND YOUR FRIEND IS JUST EXCESS BAGGAGE!

YOU SOUND AS THOUGH WE'D NEVER MET BEFORE... STRANGE TALK FROM THE JOKER!

LIKE A POWERFUL STEEL SPRING, THE BATMAN UNCOILS HIS BODY IN A NAUGHTY UPWARD THRUST...

WHA... HEY!

AND I'M SURE THE JOKER WOULDN'T FALL FOR AN OLD TRICK LIKE THIS!

STAMPED AND APPROVED!

BOUNCING LIKE A BALL OF FURY, THE MASQUERADER TOPPLES THE TYPE FONTS...AND A THOUSAND METAL SLUGS FLY...

SO YOU WANT TO PLAY PRINTER, EH? WELL, HERE'S THE WHOLE ALPHABET!

OUCH! THIS STUFF CUTS!

SHIELD YOUR EYES, ROBIN!

SEEKING A POINT OF VANTAGE, THE JOKER'S DOUBLE LEAPS FOR THE GIANT MAIN PRESS...

THESE BIG LETTERS WEIGH JUST ENOUGH FOR THROWING, ROBIN. MAYBE WE CAN BRING HIM DOWN...

I CAN TAKE A HINT!

METAL LETTERS WHIZ AT THE JOKER'S DOUBLE IN A STEADY STREAM...

USE PLENTY OF CONTROL! MAKE EVERY LETTER COUNT!

OW! WHY I'LL SHOW YOU THAT TWO CAN PLAY THE PRINTER'S GAME...

DO I HAVE TO SPELL RIGHT?

A SWITCH SNAPS...AND THE JOKER'S DOUBLE SETS THE GIANT PRESS THUNDERING AT SUPER-SPEED...

HERE ARE A FEW PAGES FROM MY LATEST BOOK!

WHERE'S HE GONE? I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING!

STEP TO ONE SIDE, QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM BEFORE THE ENTIRE BUILDING GOES UP IN SMOKE!

SUPPLYING, UNNOTICED BY HIS COUNTERPART, THE REAL MASTER OF MOCKERY HIMSELF SLIPS INTO THE SCENE...

AHHH! MOLTEN TYPE-METAL! JUST THE KIND OF HOT BATH YOU TWO ARE SURE TO ENJOY!

YOU CHEAP IMITATION! I'LL MAKE YOU WISH YOU NEVER HEARD OF THE JOKER BEFORE I'M DONE WITH YOU!

THE JOKER!

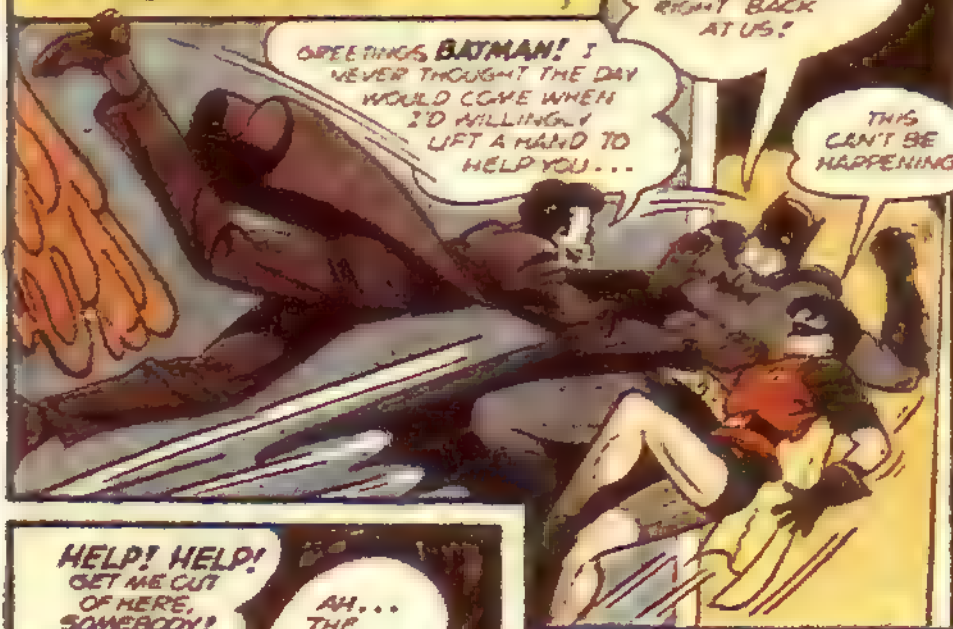
THE BATMAN AND ROBIN IN DANGER! I CAN'T LET THEM DIE... THIS TIME! THEY'VE GOT TO WINLESS MY INNOCENCE... BUT DARE I LET THIS FELLOW GO FREE?

TRAPPED ON THE HORNS OF DILEMMA, THE JOKER MUST CHOOSE BETWEEN REVENGE AND PROVING HIS INNOCENCE...

CAN'T TEAR YOU APART RIGHT NOW! IT'S A LITTLE IMPROBABLE FOR ME TO KEEP THE BATMAN ALIVE!

YOU'RE A FOOL, JOKER! YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME AGAIN!

A LIGHTNING LEAP... A SP, IT-SECOND
PICK-UP... AND THE JOKER CARRIES BATMAN
AND ROBIN OUT OF DANGER...



GREETINGS, BATMAN! I
NEVER THOUGHT THE DAY
WOULD COME WHEN
I'D WILLINGLY
LIFT A HAND TO
HELP YOU...

COULD I BE
DREAMING?
ROBIN HE'S RUN
RIGHT BACK
AT US!

THIS
CAN'T BE
HAPPENING!

UNAWARE THAT HE IS FACING THE REAL
JOKER, BATMAN CONTINUES THE FIGHT
WITH A JOLTING JAB THAT JAR'S THE
JOKER BACK ON HIS HEELS...

STOP THIS
INSANITY,
BATMAN!
I'M THE JOKER!
NOT A
PALTRY
SUBSTITUTE!
I'M HERE TO
HELP YOU!

WHAT IS
THIS,
ANOTHER
TRICK?

DOES HE
THINK
WE'RE AS
DUMB AS
ALL
THAT?

HELP! HELP!
GET ME OUT
OF HERE,
SOMEBODY!

AH...
THE
INTENDED
VICTIM!
WAIT HERE,
BATMAN!
I'LL PROVE
THAT I'M
TELLING
THE TRUTH!

JUST A
MINUTE, MY
FRIEND, YOU
DON'T GET
AWAY AS EASY
AS ALL
THAT!

BUT BEFORE BATMAN
CAN MOVE, THE JOKER
PLUNGES INTO THE
BURNING BUILDING...

CAN
YOU
MAKE
THIS
OUT?

I DON'T KNOW!
THIS IS ONE
OF THE MOST
PERPLEXING
CASES WE'VE
EVER HAD!

HERE'S THE
INTENDED
VICTIM...SAFE
AND SOUND! NOW,
BATMAN, WHAT
OTHER PROOF
COULD YOU WANT
OF THE JOKER'S
HONESTY?

THE KIND
OF PROOF
I'D NEED,
YOU COULD
NEVER
SUPPLY!

VERY WELL,
SUPPOSE WE LET
THIS MAN SPEAK
FOR ME? HART,
TELL THE BATMAN
THE TRUTH! WHO
TRIED TO KILL
YOU?

IT WAS
THIS MAN WHO
ATTACKED ME,
BATMAN! I'D
RECOGNIZE HIS
FACE ANYWHERE...
D-DON'T LET HIM
TOUCH ME
AGAIN!

WHY, YOU
BLIND IDIOT!
CAN'T YOU TELL
THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN THE
JOKER AND AN
UNREASONABLE
FACSIMILE?

SORRY!
YOU MAY
BE TELLING
THE TRUTH
BUT THIS
MAY BE
ANOTHER
TRICK!
WE CAN'T
TAKE
CHANCES!

BUT WE
CAN TAKE
YOU!

MOST IRONIC JEST OF ALL... THE JOKER CANNOT GAIN BELIEF WHEN, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS CHECKERED CAREER, HE TELLS THE TRUTH...



VERY WELL, FOOLS! I THOUGHT I WOULD HELP YOU! NOW YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR STUPIDITY!

WHAT'S HE UP TO?

SUDDENLY COMES THE ONE SURE PROOF OF THE JOKER'S IDENTITY—THE JOKER'S GAS, WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN DUPLICATED...

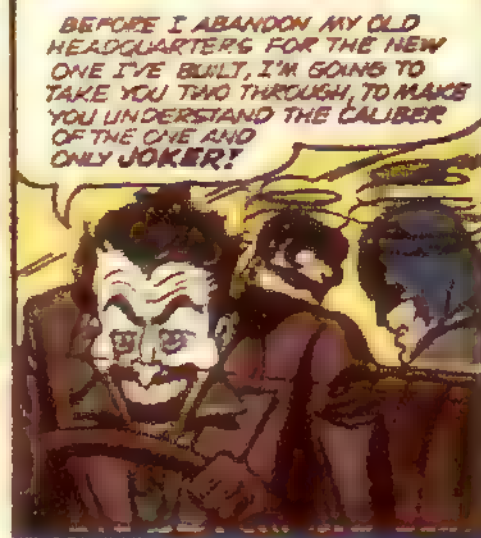


TH- THE JOKER'S GAS...

THEN YOU ARE...!

SO YOU THOUGHT THE JOKER COULD BE DUPLICATED BY ANY IMITATION? WELL, BATMAN, I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU TO BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

LIKE A FLAMING METEOR... THUNDERING DOWN THE ROADS, THE FIRE-TRUCK FLASHES TO THE JOKER'S HEADQUARTER, THE PRINCE OF PARADOX AT THE WHEEL...



BEFORE I ABANDON MY OLD HEADQUARTERS FOR THE NEW ONE I'VE BUILT, I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU TWO THROUGH, TO MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND THE CALIBER OF THE ONE AND ONLY JOKER!

ARRIVING AT THE JOKER'S HEADQUARTERS...



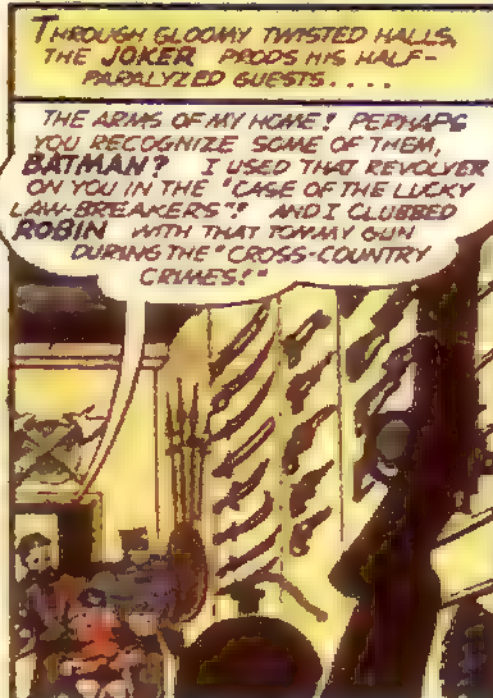
THE EFFECTS OF THE GAS HAVE WEAKENED ENOUGH TO LET YOU WALK! GOOD! LISTEN CAREFULLY!



HERE ARE THE EYES AND EARS OF MY HOME! WITH THIS TELEVISION-TELESCOPE I CAN SEE ANYTHING IN ANY DIRECTION... THROUGH NIGHT, SMOKE, FOG OR RAIN... I HAVE WATCHED YOU FOR MANY HOURS THROUGH THAT INSTRUMENT, BATMAN... HOURS WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE ALONE!

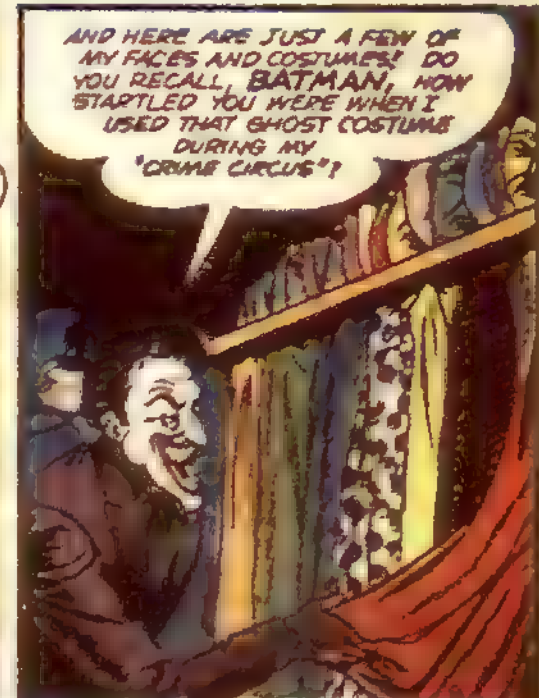


AND THIS IS MY MAGIC EAR! IT CAN HEAR THE SLIGHTEST SOUND... I PICKED UP THE SOUND OF YOUR BATPLANE'S ENGINES TODAY AND WAS ABLE TO FOLLOW YOU TO WEST VIRGINIA!

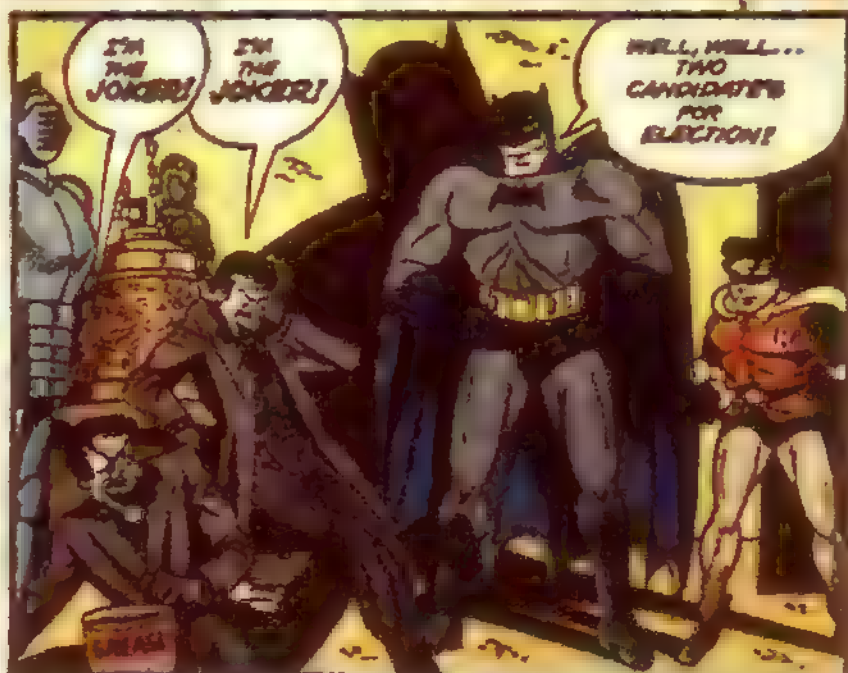
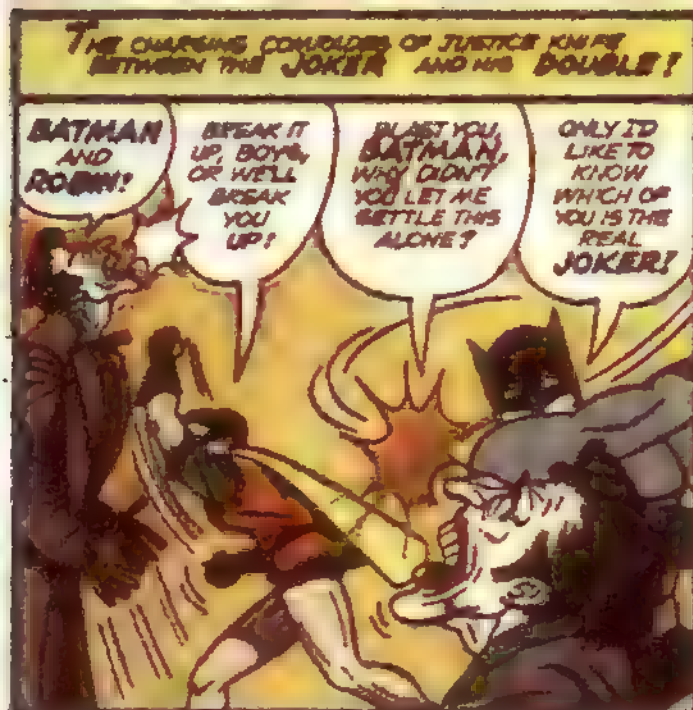


THROUGH GLOOMY TWISTED HALLS, THE JOKER PRODS HIS HALF-PARALYZED GUESTS....

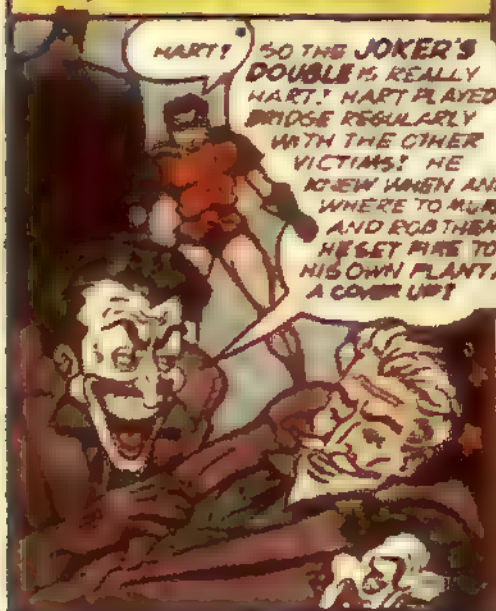
THE ARMS OF MY HOME! PERHAPS YOU RECOGNIZE SOME OF THEM, BATMAN? I USED THAT REVOLVER ON YOU IN THE "CASE OF THE LUCKY LAW-BREAKERS!" AND I CLUBBED ROBIN WITH THAT TOMMY GUN DURING THE "CROSS-COUNTRY CRIMES!"



AND HERE ARE JUST A FEW OF MY FACES AND COSTUMES! DO YOU RECALL, BATMAN, HOW STARTLED YOU WERE WHEN I USED THAT GHOST COSTUME DURING MY "CRIME CIRCUS"?



AS THE COUNTERFEIT CLOWN SLUMPS DOWN, A VICTIM OF THE JOKER'S FURY, THE MASK DROPS AWAY...



HART! SO THE JOKER'S DOUBLE IS REALLY HART! HART PLAYED BRIDGE REGULARLY WITH THE OTHER VICTIMS! HE KNEW WHEN AND WHERE TO MURDER AND ROB THEM.. HE SET FIRE TO HIS OWN PLANT AS A COVER UP!

I TOLD YOU I'D SOLVE THIS CRIME TO VINDICATE MY NAME! TO PROVE IT BEST.. HERE ARE THE DIAMONDS HART TRIED TO STEAL! I DON'T WANT THEM!



AM I SEEING THINGS?

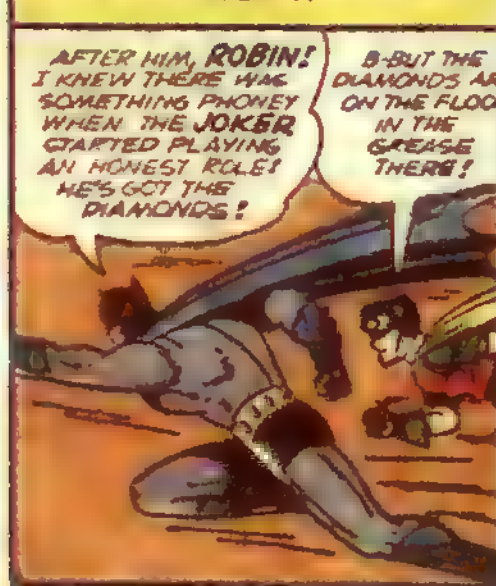
THE JOKER GIVING UP A FORTUNE IN JEWELS! IMPOSSIBLE!

BUT THE JOKER'S TOSS FALLS SHORT, AND A FORTUNE IN JEWELS SLIDES THROUGH THE HEAVY BLACK GREASE...



OH-OH! DIDN'T REACH ME... HEY! WHAT'S THAT? DIAMONDS SLIDING THROUGH GREASE?

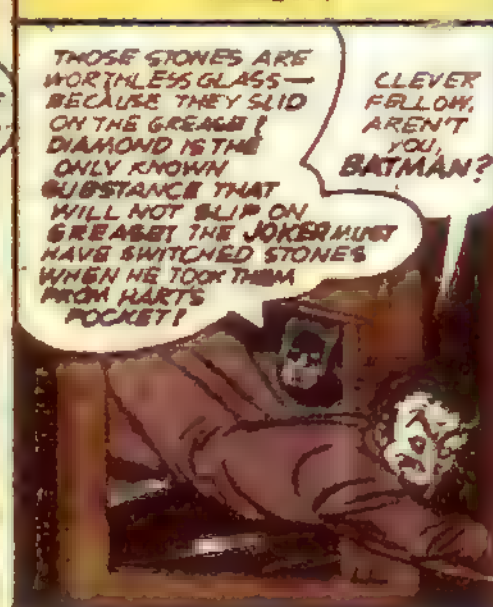
WITH A POWERFUL PANTHOOD SPRING, THE BATMAN LEAPS TOWARD HIS SELF-APPOINTED ALLY...



AFTER HIM, ROBIN! I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING PHONEY WHEN THE JOKER STARTED PLAYING AN HONEST ROLE! HE'S GOT THE DIAMONDS!

B-BUT THE DIAMONDS ARE ON THE FLOOR.. IN THE GREASE THERE!

LIKE A FEATHERED BOLT, THE JOKER SMASHES OUT INTO SPACE...



THOSE STONES ARE WORTHLESS GLASS— BECAUSE THEY SLID ON THE GREASE! DIAMOND IS THE ONLY KNOWN SUBSTANCE THAT WILL NOT SLIP ON GREASE! THE JOKER MUST HAVE SWITCHED STONES WHEN HE TOOK THEM FROM HART'S POCKET!

CLEVER FELLOW, AREN'T YOU, BATMAN?

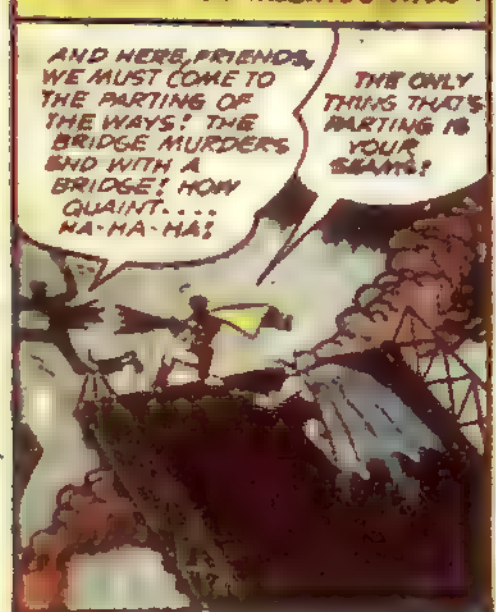
SO THE JOKER HAS TRUMPED ALL THE TRICKS AFTER ALL! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!



I CAN'T KEEP AWAY FROM YOU!

DIG IN, ROBIN! WE'VE GOT TO RECOVER THOSE JEWELS!

WITH A SURGE OF HUMMING POWER, THE DRAW-BRIDGE SPLITS ASUNDER AND MOUNTS UPWARD...



AND HERE, FRIENDS, WE MUST COME TO THE PARTING OF THE WAYS! THE BRIDGE MURDERS END WITH A BRIDGE! HOW QUAIN... NA-NA-NA!

THE ONLY THING THAT'S PARTING IS YOUR SEAMS!

FAREWELL! THIS TIME THE VICTORY IS MINE! I SHALL TREASURE THESE JEWELS IN MY TROPHY ROOM!



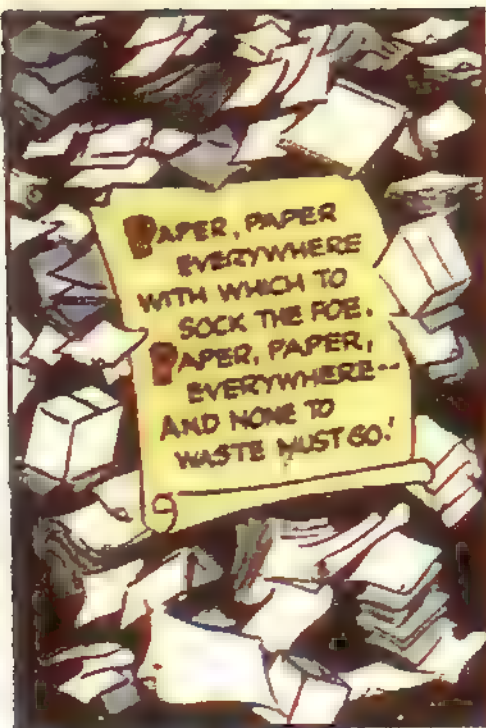
WHAT JEWELS?

BUT LIKE A SHREWD, SEASONED ADVENTURER, ROBIN HAS TAKEN THE LAST TRICK AFTER ALL... AND THAT IS THE TRICK THAT COUNTS...



GOOD FOR YOU, ROBIN! YOU GOT THE JEWELS! HARRIS WILL BE EXTREMELY GRATEFUL FOR THIS!

ALL THE JOKER'S GOT FOR HIS TROPHY ROOM IS A HOLE IN HIS POCKET! AND YOU KNOW WHAT A HOLE IS... NOTHING!



PAPER, PAPER
EVERYWHERE
WITH WHICH TO
SOCK THE FOE.
PAPER, PAPER,
EVERYWHERE--
AND NONE TO
WASTE MUST GO!

IT'S A BUSY DAY FOR ALFRED,
BUTLER EXTRAORDINARY TO
BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON--
-- ALIAS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN..



HEY, ALFRED!
WHERE YA GOING
WITH ALL THAT
JUNK?

JUNK?
MY WORD!
THESE ARE
WEAPONS OF
WAR, M'BOY!



WEAPONS
OF WAR??
HAW! HAW!
HAW!

THIS IS NO
JESTING MATTER!
IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE
ME, JUST TAG ALONG
AND SEE!



GOLLY-- BATMAN
AND ROBIN! WHAT'RE
THEY COLLECTING
ALL THAT WASTE
PAPER FOR?

BECAUSE WE HAVE A
PAPER SHORTAGE DUE
TO LACK OF MAN-
POWER IN CUTTING
THE TIMBER USED IN
PAPER PRODUCTION!



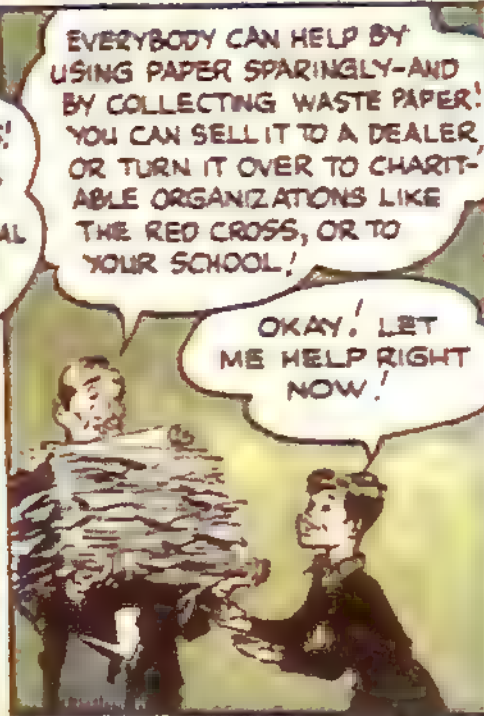
PAPER SHORTAGE?
GEE, YOU MEAN WE MIGHT
NOT BE ABLE TO READ
OUR FAVORITE COMIC
MAGAZINES?

RIGHTO! BUT BY
SALVAGING ALL THIS
WASTE PAPER, WE
PROVIDE A SUBSTITUTE,
AND WE'LL HAVE SUFFICIENT
SUPPLIES FOR BOTH CIVILIAN
AND MILITARY PURPOSES!



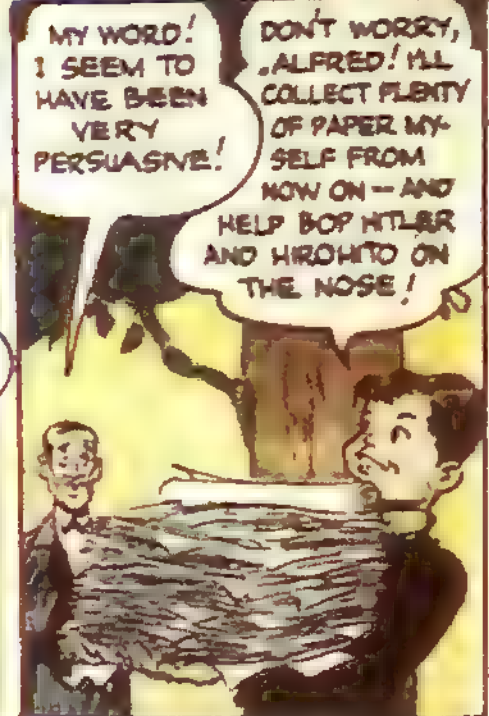
MILITARY?
THERE YOU GO
AGAIN! WHAT'S
PAPER GOT TO DO
WITH WAR
WEAPONS?

WHY, IT'S USED TO MAKE
PARACHUTE FLARES, WING
TIPS, BOMB BANDS AND
OTHER MILITARY OBJECTS!
CONTAINERS FOR SHELLS,
ARMY RATIONS AND
VARIOUS OTHER ESSENTIAL
SUPPLIES ARE MADE
FROM PAPER, TOO!



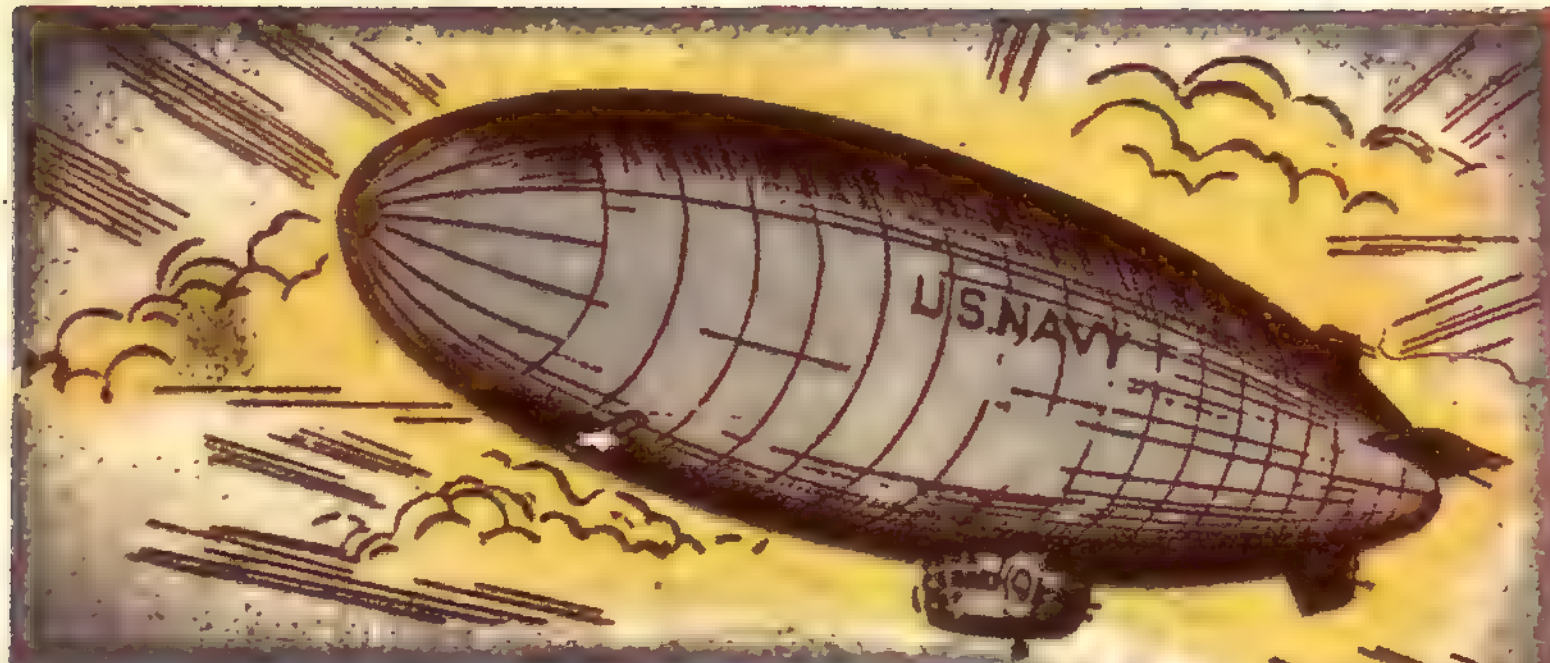
EVERYBODY CAN HELP BY
USING PAPER SPARINGLY--AND
BY COLLECTING WASTE PAPER!
YOU CAN SELL IT TO A DEALER,
OR TURN IT OVER TO CHARIT-
ABLE ORGANIZATIONS LIKE
THE RED CROSS, OR TO
YOUR SCHOOL!

OKAY! LET
ME HELP RIGHT
NOW!



MY WORD!
I SEEM TO
HAVE BEEN
VERY
PERSUASIVE!

DON'T WORRY,
ALFRED! I'LL
COLLECT PLENTY
OF PAPER MY-
SELF FROM
NOW ON-- AND
HELP BOB HITLER
AND HIROHITO ON
THE NOSE!



ENERGY

ON THE ALERT!

Ever on the alert are the American Coastal Patrol Blimps . . . their motors driven by high energy fuel.

BABY RUTH

IS HIGH IN FOOD-ENERGY

Baby Ruth, rich in dextrose, is fine "fighting food" . . . helps guard against fatigue in the human motor.

Wherever our battle flag flies, Baby Ruth marches along with American men, providing extra stamina . . . raising their spirits.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • CHICAGO, ILL.
Producers of Fine Foods



Cookies are
delicious
made with
Baby Ruth!
RECIPE ON
EVERY
WRAPPER



If you cannot
find Baby Ruth
on the candy coun-
ter, remember Uncle
Sam's needs come first with
us as with you.



BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

THREE-RING BINKS

FOR FORTY YEARS (MAN AND BOY)
A CIRCUS MANAGER-NOW A TOP-FLIGHT
TALENT SCOUT AND BOOKING AGENT.

WELL, NOW YOU'VE SEEN MY
ENTIRE EPPY-TWARRY, BIG-TOP--
AND THIS KILLER-DILLER IS
MY SMASH CLOSING STUNT--
HEH-HEH-HEH, IF I DO SAY IT
M'SELF, IT SLAYS 'EM!!- NOW
DO I GET THE CONTRACT, PAL?

HARUMPH! AND YOU CALL
YOURSELF THE SENSATIONAL
"VULCANIZO"- THE WORLD'S
WONDER WIZARD ON WHEELS!
EH? WELL, SONNY BOY, YOU'RE
JUST A SLEEPING POWDER TO
ME, - COME SIT IN MY LAP
AND I'LL TELL YOU A BEDTIME
STORY OF A REAL TRICK RIDER,
SO THRILLING, IT WILL MAKE YOUR
VERY TEETH CURL WITH ENVY--
LISTEN--



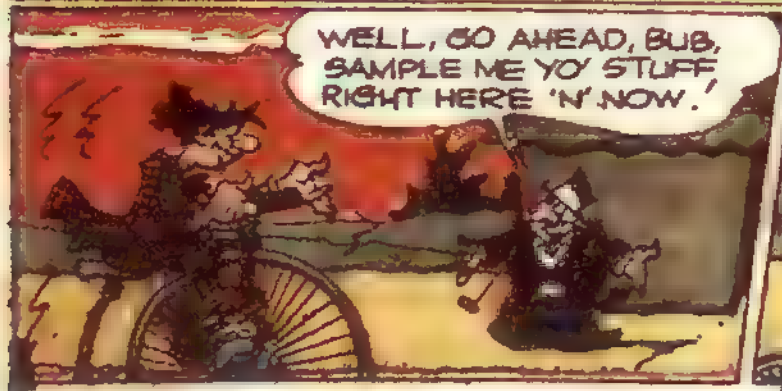
ABOUT THUTTY YEARS AGO I WAS MANAGER
OF A VERY WHEEZY LITTLE ROAD-HOPPING
CARNIVAL- AND ONE DAY A YOUNG CORNHUSKER
BARGED IN AND 'LOWED AS HOW HE COULD
MANIPULATE A FEW FANCIES ON HIS VELOCIPEDS!

--THEN HE LET ME IN ON A SECRET--

NOW THAT I'M AWORKIN'
FOR YOU, BOSS, I GUESS
I YORTA TELL YOU RIGHT
OFF THAT I ONLY USE MY
OWN PERSONAL PREPARED
KIND O' TIRES!

H'M- THAT'S
KINDA
SNEAKY,
AIN'T IT?
BUT GO
AHEAD!

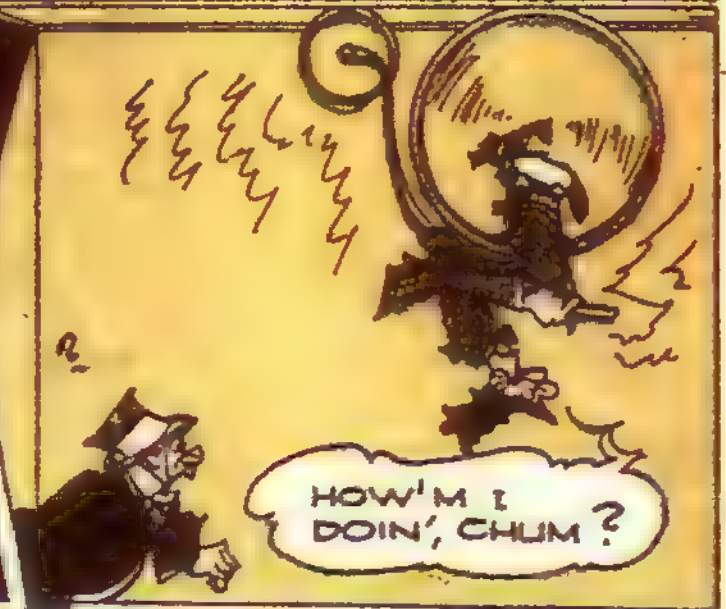
WELL, GO AHEAD, BUB,
SAMPLE ME YO' STUFF
RIGHT HERE 'N' NOW!



-- WITH THAT HE HOPS ABOARD HIS OLD-FASHIONED VELOCIPÈDE AND RIDES- RIGHT UP MY OFFICE WALL!--



-- AND CONTINUES, ALONG THE CEILING UPSIDE DOWN ! ...



-- THEN SLOWLY DOWN THE OTHER SIDE!



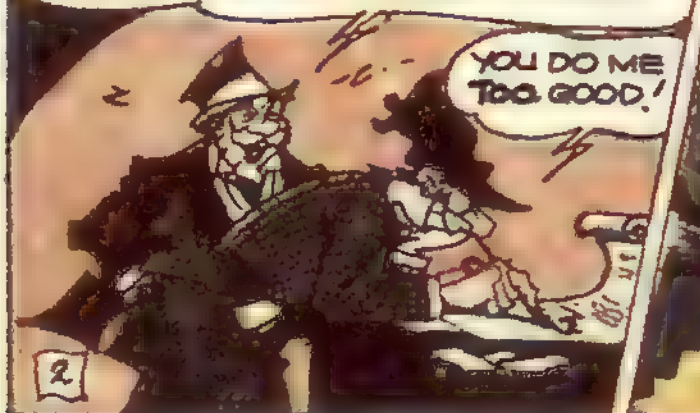
-- THEN HE SHOWS ME HOW HE'D INVENTED HIS OWN SPECIAL TIRES. THEY WERE MADE WITH HUNDREDS OF VACUUM CUPS AROUND THE RIMS, --THEY'D STICK TO ANYTHING!--



WHAM!-- I NICKNAMED HIM 'BICYCLONIC' RIGHT ON THE SPOT-- AND SIGNED HIM UP QUICKER'N YOU COULD NAME ANY TOWN IN RUSSIA!

-- AND INSIDE OF A WEEK OUR BOX-OFFICE 'TAKE' RAN UP SUCH A HIGH TEMPERATURE OF 'HIT' MONEY THAT WE HAD TO HIRE EIGHT EXTRA CASHIERS!

MONEY MEANS NOTHING TO US, SON-- SIGN THERE, -- NAME YOUR TERMS-- SIGN THERE-- TEN A WEEK, OR, FORTY A MONTH -- SIGN THERE.



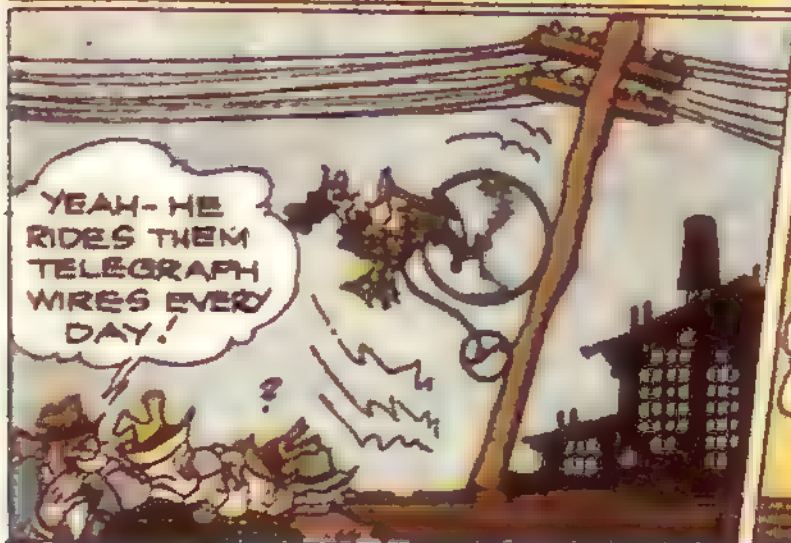
THIS FELLER 'BICYCLONIC' IS STUPENDOUS!

HE'S DOUBLE COLOSSAL!

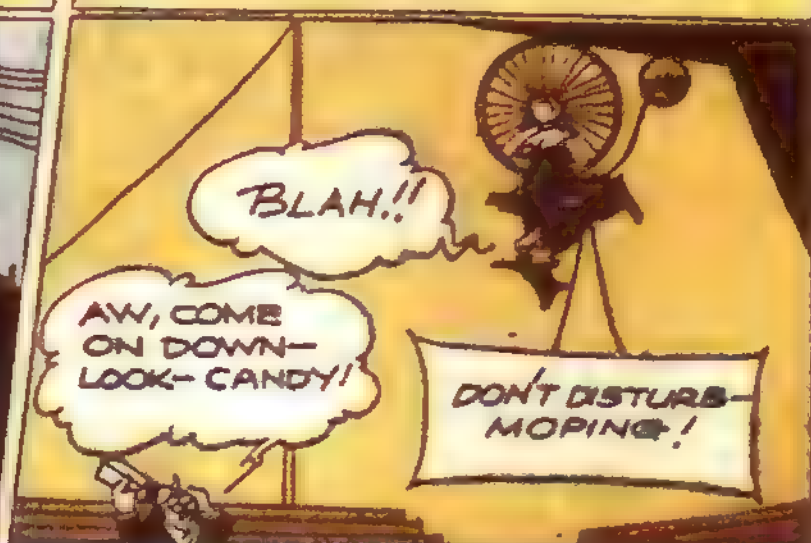
I'LL TAKE HIM IF HE'S ONLY SUPER-MIRACULOUS!



-- SOON THE ONLY FLY IN OUR OINTMENT WAS THAT WE COULDN'T KEEP HIM FROM PRACTISING, -HE'D PRACTISE ANYWHERE!- HE WAS GIVING TOO MANY FREE SHOWS- I FINALLY HAD TO BAWL HIM OUT ABOUT IT!--



-- BEING A TEMPERAMENTAL TYPE, THAT BAWLING OUT 'GOT HIM DOWN'-FOR WEEKS AFTERWARDS HE'D JUST RIDE TO A CORNER IN THE TOP OF THE TENT (BETWEEN SHOWS) AND MOPE, FOR HOURS AND HOURS!



-- HE STAYED IN THAT MOPEY MOOD UNTIL THE FOLLOWING SPRING- THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN HE BLOSSOMED OUT LIKE A FULL BLOWN BLUSHING CHRYS-? CHRYSAN-?- CHRISANTER-? LILAC!!



-- I PUZZLED MYSELF INTO A- PLENTY OF PANICS OVER THIS STARTLING CHANGE- UNTIL ONE DAY- BETWEEN SHOWS- OUR BOSS STAGE-CARPENTER BUZZED TO ME --



-- PETITE Mlle. LA BELLE BONITA (BY ROYAL COMMAND AERIAL PRINCESS OF THE TENT-TOP TRAPPEZ) WAS THE ANSWER!

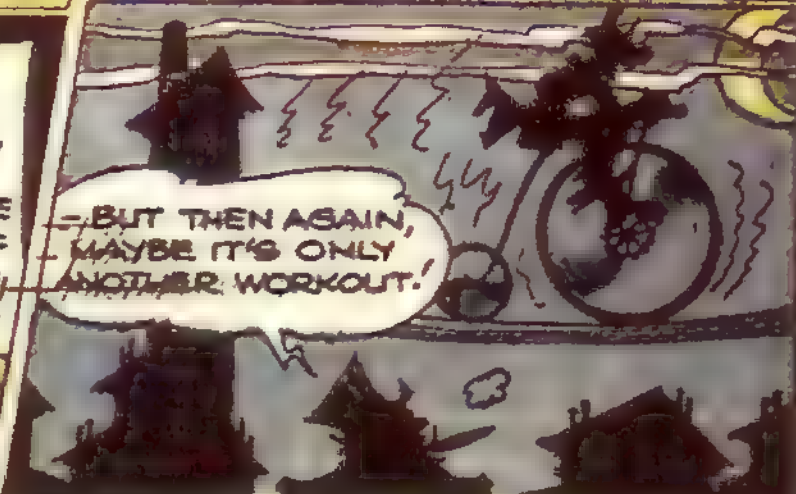


-- I ALSO KNEW HOWEVER THAT BICYCLONIC HAD NEVER EVEN MET LA BELLE! (BUT I SAID IT WAS SPRING, DIDN'T I?) WELL, FOR MONTHS WHILE HE'D BE BROODING UP IN HIS CORNER OF THE TENT HE NEVER ONCE TOOK HIS EYES OFF'N HER!!



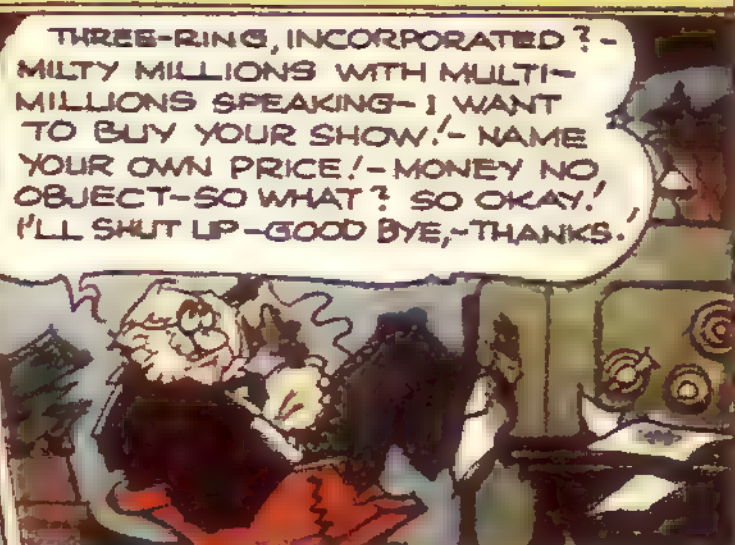
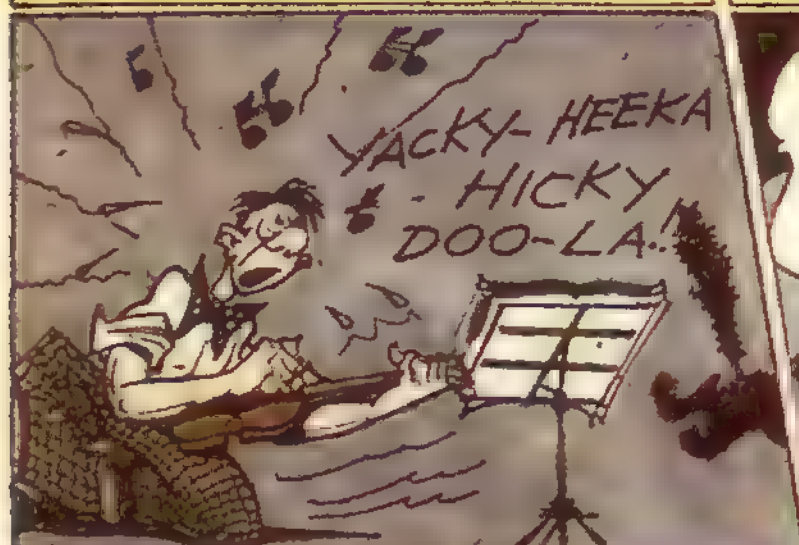
-- TO COMPLICATE MATTERS, PINOCHINO, THE HUMAN PIN-CUSHION, SHARED THE VERY SAME SENTIMENTAL FEELINGS TOWARD LA BELLE, ONLY DOUBLY MORE SO! - (HE, BY THE WAY, HAD NEVER EVEN MET HER EITHER!) NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!

-- FINALLY, BICYCLONIC STARTED TAKING MIDNIGHT SPINS ALONG THE TELEGRAPH WIRES - AFTER OUR NIGHT PERFORMANCE - (THAT'S A FUNNY TWIST I SAID TO M'SELF!)



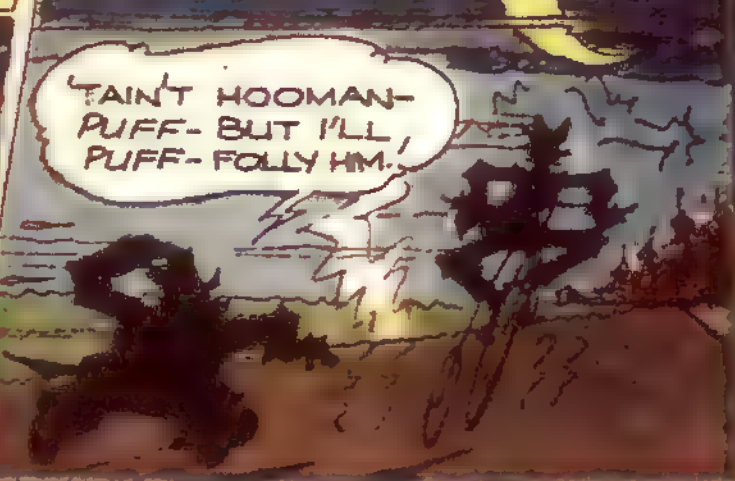
-- THEN -- AND WITH A GHASTLY TWINKLE IN HIS BETTER EYE - HE SUNK TO TAKING UKULELE LESSONS! MADLY PRACTISING FOR HOURS ON END!!

-- ALL THROUGH THIS OUR SHOW ROSE TO GREATER AND GREATER FAME HOWEVER - WE HAD AT LAST HIT THE VERY BIGGEST OF THE 'BIG TIME.'...



-- THEN IT HAPPENED!! -- I'VE FORGOTTEN NOW WHETHER WE WERE PLAYING SPOKANE, WASH, - DALLAS, TEXAS, - OR MAYBE IT WAS WITCHITA, KAN., - TENNYRATE, - ONE STARRY NIGHT AFTER THE SHOW, 'BICYCLONIC' SNEAKED OUT THE BACK WAY, - I FOLLOWED HIM!!

-- HE HEADED STRAIGHT AS THE CROW FLIES, FOR TOWN, - WITH ME FAST BEING WINDED - CLOSE BEHIND!



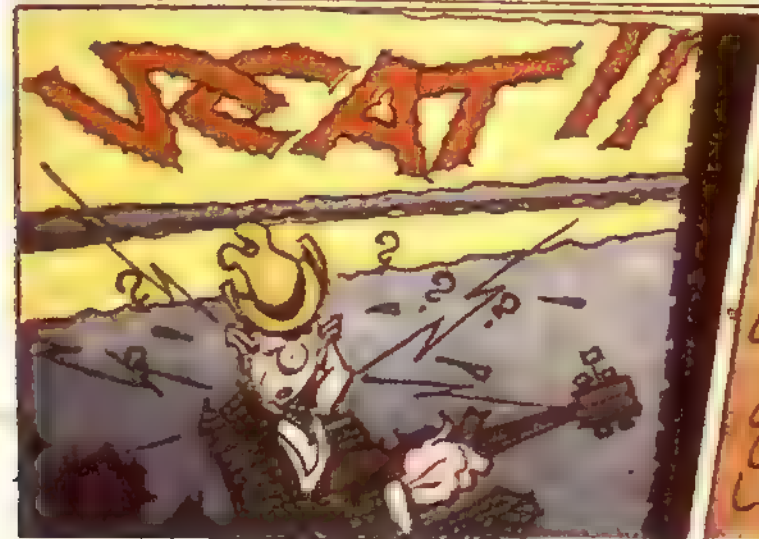
-- STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW HE PEDALLED TO,-- AND UP THE SIDE OF THE TALLEST HOTEL IN TOWN!



-- THEN HE STOPPED SHORT- PRECISELY BETWEEN THE 11TH AND 12TH FLOORS, AND CASUALLY BROKE INTO A LILTING UKULELE LILT THERE IN THE MOONLIGHT-IT WAS ALMOST HALF PURTY TOO, KINDA SCRAPY THOUGH!-



-- AND ALTHOUGH HE HADN'T EVEN MET LA BELLE BONITA YET,-- HE KNEW SHE LIVED ON THE 12TH- AND HE WAS THERE 'ALL-OUT A SERENADIN' HER!'



-- BUT WHAT HE DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT HIS JEALOUS RIVAL, PINOCHINO, (HE HADN'T EVEN MET LA BELLE YET, EITHER) LIVED ON THE 11TH!!- SWIFTLY WITHDRAWING ONE OF HIS FAVORITE PINS, PINOCHINO INSTANTLY PUNCTURED BOTH TIRES- BICYCLONE PLUNGED!



FORTUNATELY HE ALWAYS CARRIED A PARACHUTE- AGAINST JUST SUCH AN EVENT- AND THAT ER? -AH? -ER? OH, YEAH!- THAT BEING THE YEAR OF BIG WIND IN IDAHO,-- OR IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN VERMONT OR TENNESSEE (YOU LOOK IT UP..) THAT BIG WIND COMPLETES THE PICTURE --

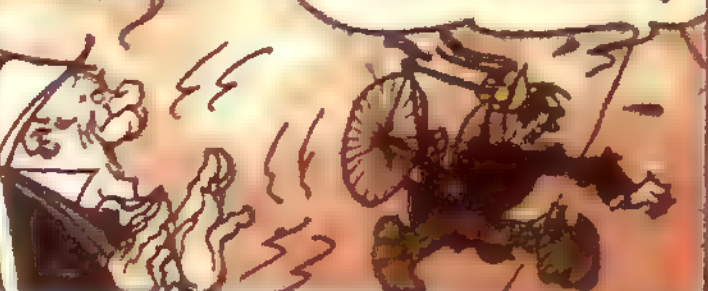
OH YEAH- HOW?



-- IT PICKED HIM RIGHT UP BY THE PARACHUTE-- SWEEPED HIM OFF-- AND NOBODY'S EVER SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR O' HIM SINCE,-- HEY! WHERE Y'HEADIN' ?

HEH!- HEH! HEH.

PHEE-OO! BATHE MY BROW!!- I'M TRADIN' THIS BIKE IN FOR A KIDDIE KAR-- BUT RIGHT NOW!!





"Butch ain't got de nerve to hit this new kid—not since he seen him carry home eight packages o' Wheaties."

NOT VERY SMART TO PICK A FIGHT WITH A GUY WHO KEEPS IN THE PINK OF CONDITION! AND KEEPING IN CONDITION INVOLVES EATING RIGHT. THREE SQUARE MEALS A DAY -- INCLUDING A NOURISHING BREAKFAST. MANY AN UP-AND-COMING YOUNGSTER INCLUDES WHEATIES IN THE BREAKFAST LINEUP. MIGHTY IMPORTANT NOURISHMENT IN A MAN-SIZE BOWL OF THESE SWELL-TASTING WHOLE WHEAT

FLAKES! SO SQUARE OFF TO THE BREAKFAST DISH THAT'S A FAVORITE WITH MANY BIG-TIME SPORTS STARS. HAVE MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES -- *BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.*

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT -- STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS.

SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 544, MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN. AND SEND TODAY!

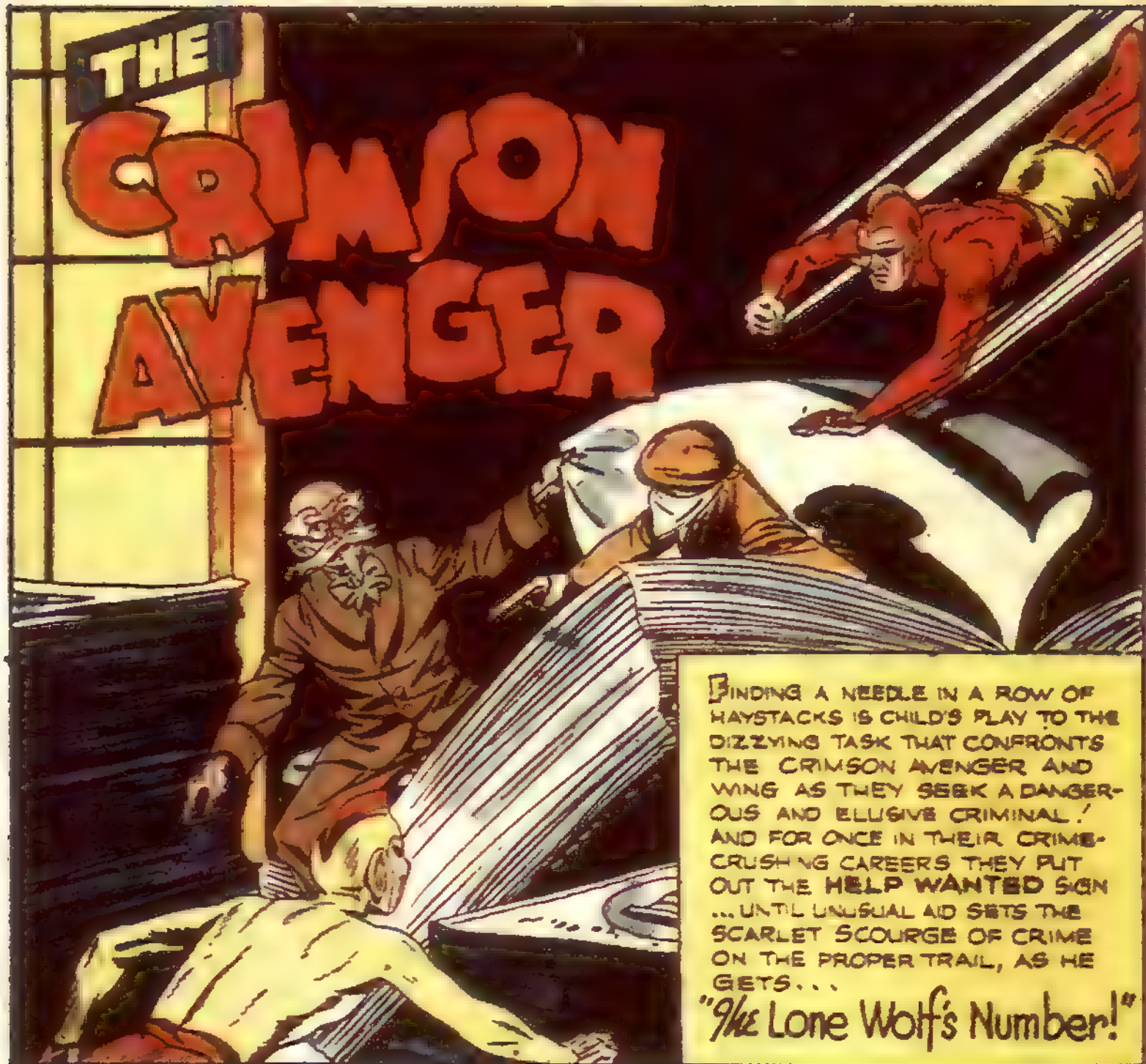
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MILLS, INC.



**"Breakfast
of Champions"**
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

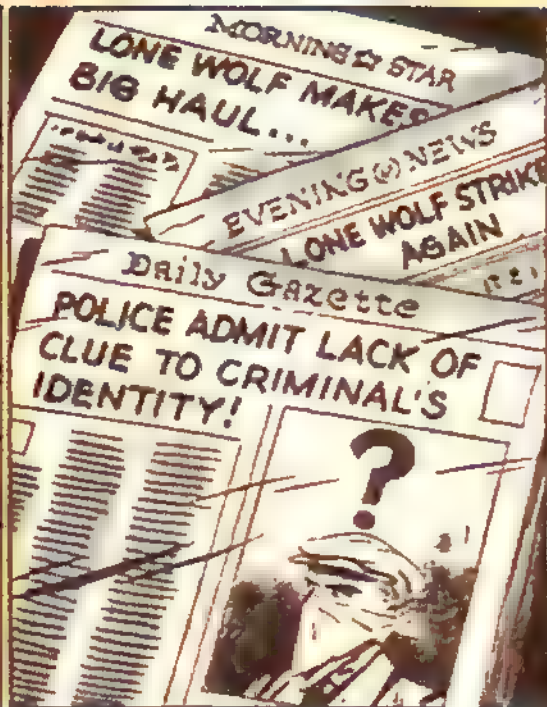
THE CRIMSON AVENGER



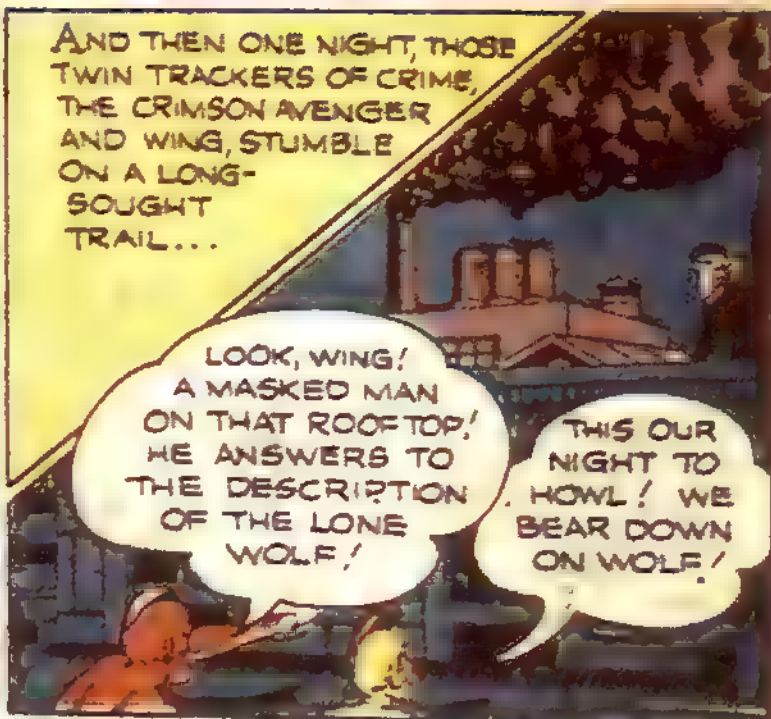
FINDING A NEEDLE IN A ROW OF HAYSTACKS IS CHILD'S PLAY TO THE DIZZING TASK THAT CONFRONTS THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING AS THEY SEEK A DANGEROUS AND ELLUSIVE CRIMINAL! AND FOR ONCE IN THEIR CRIME-CRUSHING CAREERS THEY PUT OUT THE HELP WANTED SIGN ... UNTIL UNUSUAL AID SETS THE SCARLET SCOURGE OF CRIME ON THE PROPER TRAIL, AS HE GETS...

"*9/16* Lone Wolf's Number!"

DAY AFTER DAY, BOLD NEWS-PAPER HEAD-LINES BLAZON THE DARING DEEDS OF A NEW SUPER-CRIMINAL...



AND THEN ONE NIGHT, THOSE TWIN TRACKERS OF CRIME, THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING, STUMBLE ON A LONG-SOUGHT TRAIL...



LOOK, WING! A MASKED MAN ON THAT ROOFTOP! HE ANSWERS TO THE DESCRIPTION OF THE LONE WOLF!

THIS OUR NIGHT TO HOWL! WE BEAR DOWN ON WOLF!

STEALING SOFTLY ON SILENT FOOT- STEPS, THE CRIMSON CRIME- CRUSHER AND HIS FAITHFUL ALLY STALK THEIR UNSUS- PECTING GAME! THEN...

OH, OH... ROOF SQUEAK, WARN CROOK!

NEVER MIND, WING... WE'RE CLOSE ENOUGH!

THE CRIMSON AVENGER!

IT'S TIME YOU WERE MUZZLED, LONE WOLF!

ONE MORE PUNCH, WOLF GO SLEEP FOR WINTER!

UGH...

THEN, AN UNEXPECTED SHIFT OF THE WIND... AND DENSE BLACK SMOKE FROM A NEARBY FACTORY SPREADS A BLACK PALL OVER THE ROOFTOP...

THIS IS WORSE THAN PITTSBURGH ON A DARK NIGHT!

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET OUT OF HERE!

MOMENTS LATER, AFTER THE TEMPORARY FOG HAS LIFTED...

HE'S GONE! WE HAD OUR OPPORTUNITY... AND MISSED IT!

NOW LONE WOLF ALL ALONE AGAIN!

BUT NOW, AS DEFEAT STARES HIM IN THE FACE, THE HAWK- KEEN EYES OF THE CRIMSON AVENGER LIGHTS UPON A CLUE...

HUH...? THIS LOOKS LIKE...

...A PHOTOGRAPH! IT MUST HAVE FALLEN FROM THE LONE WOLF'S POCKET WHEN HE STAGGERED BACK!

VERY WEAK CLUB! PICTURE NOT LONE WOLF... MAYBE FATHER OR GRANDFATHER!

NOTHING HELPFUL ON THE BACK EITHER, EXCEPT THIS TELEPHONE NUMBER! AND FROM THE FADED CON- DITION OF THE INK, THAT MUST BE AS OLD AS THE PICTURE!

PICTURE LOOK LIKE RUN THROUGH WASHING- MACHINE! BUT NOBODY RECOGNIZE! CLUE NO GOOD.

3X-4782

MAYBE, WING... BUT IT'S THE ONLY ONE WE HAVE, AND I'M GOING TO MAKE THE MOST OF IT! FIRST WE'LL TRY THE TELEPHONE COMPANY!

MOMENTS LATER...

HMM... AS YOU SAY, AVENGER, THIS IS AN OLD NUMBER! THE EXCHANGE WAS DISCONTINUED YEARS AGO! AND OUR OLD LISTS, ARRANGED BY EXCHANGES, WERE ACCIDENTALLY DESTROYED A LONG TIME BACK!

THEN NO CAN TRACE NUMBER?

I WOULDN'T SAY THAT! IT MUST HAVE BEEN LISTED IN ONE OF THESE DIRECTORIES... THEY COVER A PERIOD OF TWENTY YEARS, AND IF YOU LOOK LONG ENOUGH, YOU'LL FIND IT!

OH, WOE! IF WING GOTTA LOOK THROUGH MANY BOOKS FOR ONE NUMBER... GO CRAZY, BUT QUICK!

NEVER MIND, WING! WE'RE TAKING THOSE DIRECTORIES! COME ON!

WE'RE NOT GOING TO LOOK THROUGH THESE AT ALL! SOME ONE ELSE WILL DO THE JOB... AND I KNOW EXACTLY THE RIGHT MAN FOR IT!

PRESENTLY, A BEWILDERED LITTLE MAN LOOKS UP TO FIND UNEXPECTED VISITORS...

HUH...? WHA...?

DON'T BE AFRAID, MR. MOYLAN... I'M THE CRIMSON AVENGER, AND I WANT YOUR HELP! MR. TRAVIS, EDITOR OF THE GLOBE-LEADER RECOMMENDED YOU TO ME!

MR. MOYLAN NOT KNOW LEE TRAVIS AND MIST' CLIMSON SAME PERSON!

HE TOLD ME THE KIND OF WORK YOU LIKE TO DO...

YES, WHEN A COMPANY WANTS TO RETIRE SEVERAL THOUSAND BONDS, IT LISTS THEIR NUMBERS... AND THEN I SET THEM UP IN TYPE! I ENJOY DOING IT!

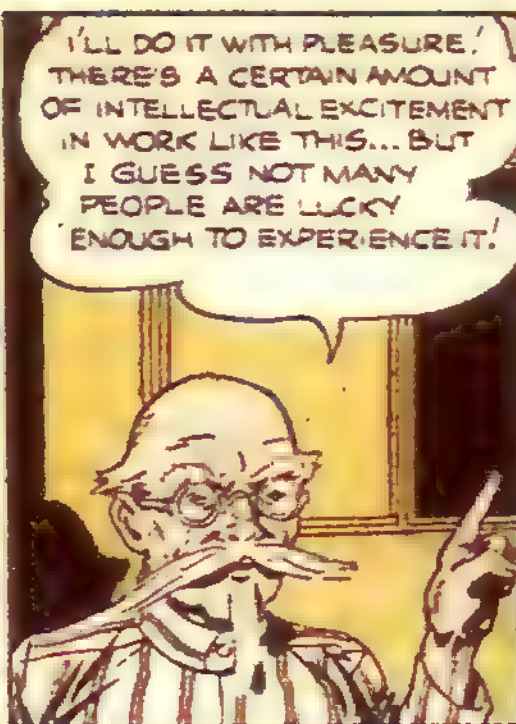
THE WORK REQUIRES PATIENCE AND KEEN ATTENTION... I HAVE BOTH!

JUST TO LOOK AT SO MANY NUMBERS MAKE WING'S HEAD SPIN!

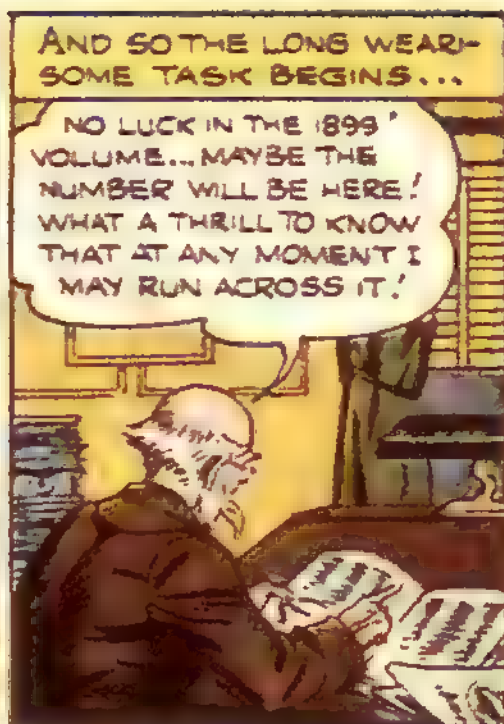


I FEEL THE SAME WAY WINS DOES! THAT'S WHY I WANT YOU TO DO A JOB FOR US! WE'RE LOOKING FOR A CERTAIN TELEPHONE NUMBER IN ONE OF THESE BOOKS...

AND YOU WANT ME TO FIND IT?

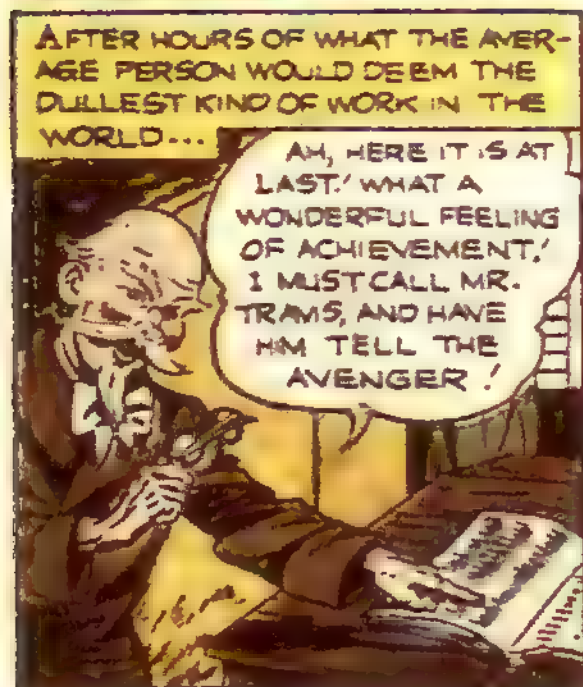


I'LL DO IT WITH PLEASURE! THERE'S A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF INTELLECTUAL EXCITEMENT IN WORK LIKE THIS... BUT I GUESS NOT MANY PEOPLE ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO EXPERIENCE IT!



AND SO THE LONG WEARISOME TASK BEGINS...

NO LUCK IN THE 1899 VOLUME... MAYBE THE NUMBER WILL BE HERE! WHAT A THRILL TO KNOW THAT AT ANY MOMENT I MAY RUN ACROSS IT!



AFTER HOURS OF WHAT THE AVERAGE PERSON WOULD DEEM THE Dullest KIND OF WORK IN THE WORLD...

AH, HERE IT IS AT LAST! WHAT A WONDERFUL FEELING OF ACHIEVEMENT! I MUST CALL MR. TRAMS, AND HAVE HIM TELL THE AVENGER!

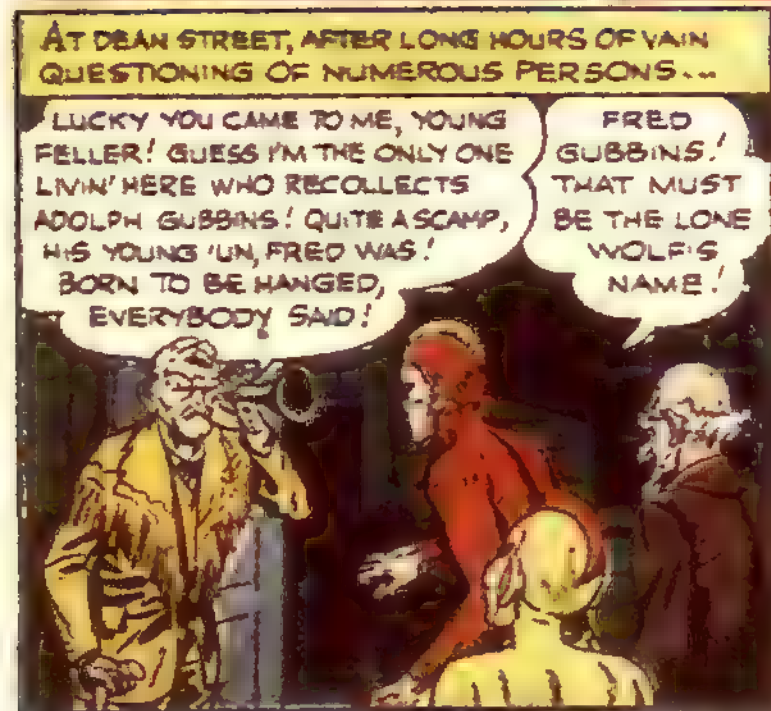


PRESENTLY...

MR. MOYLAN, YOU'RE A WONDER! NOW WE'LL RUN OVER TO DEAN STREET...

HMM, I'M CURIOUS TO SEE WHAT USE YOU MAKE OF THIS INFORMATION! MIND IF I COME WITH YOU?

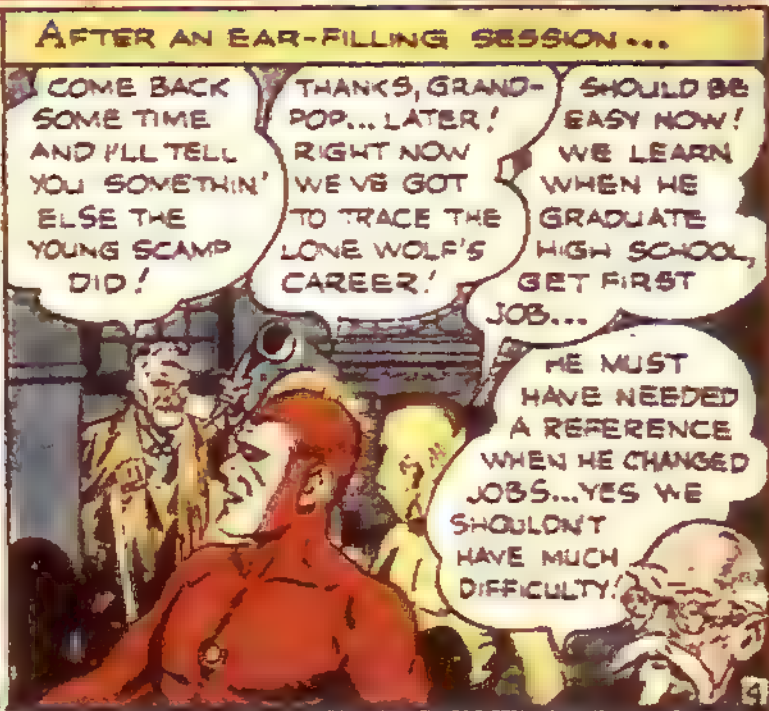
YOU HELP US TRAIL LONE WOLF, VERY GOOD!



AT DEAN STREET, AFTER LONG HOURS OF VAIN QUESTIONING OF NUMEROUS PERSONS...

LUCKY YOU CAME TO ME, YOUNG FELLER! GUESS I'M THE ONLY ONE LIVIN' HERE WHO RECOLLECTS ADOLPH GUBBINS! QUITE A SCAMP, HIS YOUNG 'UN, FRED WAS! BORN TO BE HANGED, EVERYBODY SAID!

FRED GUBBINS! THAT MUST BE THE LONE WOLF'S NAME!



AFTER AN EAR-FILLING SESSION...

COME BACK SOME TIME AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHIN' ELSE THE YOUNG SCAMP DID!

THANKS, GRAND-POP... LATER! RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT TO TRACE THE LONE WOLF'S CAREER!

SHOULD BE EASY NOW! WE LEARN WHEN HE GRADUATE HIGH SCHOOL, GET FIRST JOB...

HE MUST HAVE NEEDED A REFERENCE WHEN HE CHANGED JOBS... YES WE SHOULDN'T HAVE MUCH DIFFICULTY.

SO IT IS THAT EVENTUALLY...

THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE FRED GUBBINS WORKS NOW! WE'LL PICK HIM UP...

WE MAKE HIM CONFESS HE LONE WOLF!

BUT UNEXPECTEDLY...

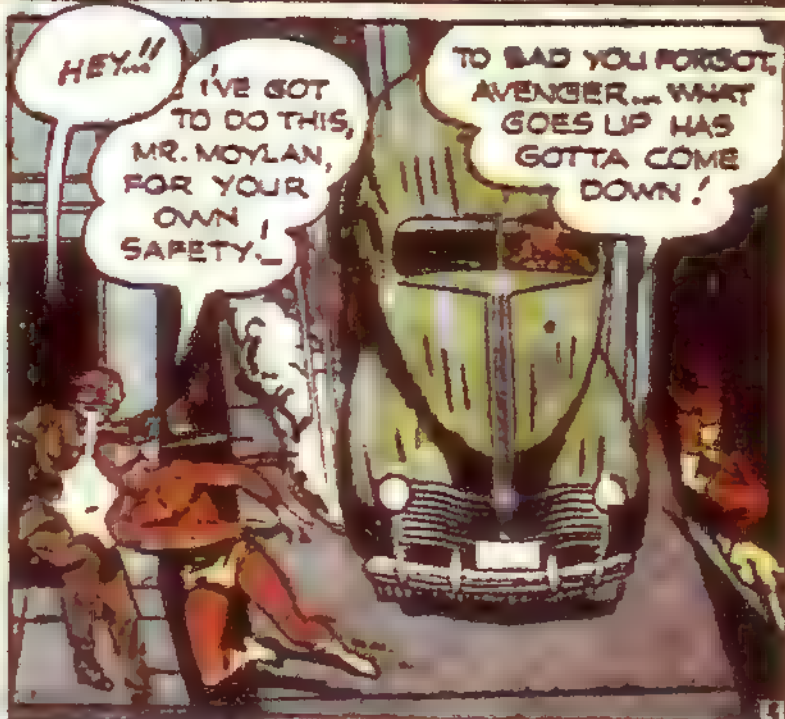
YOU TELL US WHERE WE FIND MIST' GUBBINS, PLEASE-

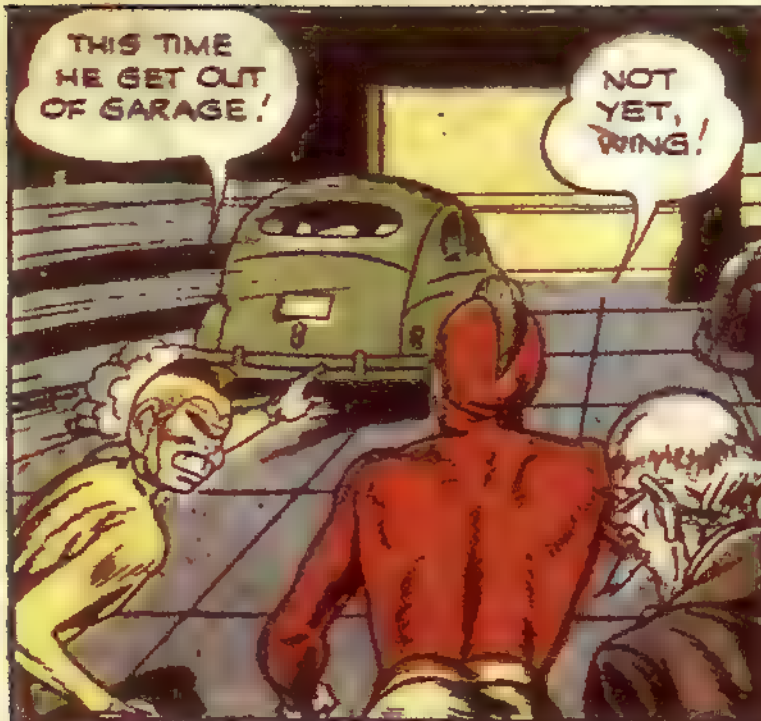
CAREFUL, WING! THAT MAY BE GUBBINS HIMSELF!

THE CRIMSON AVENGER! HE FOUND OUT WHO I AM!

STAY AWAY, CHUM! I DON'T LIKE COMPANY!

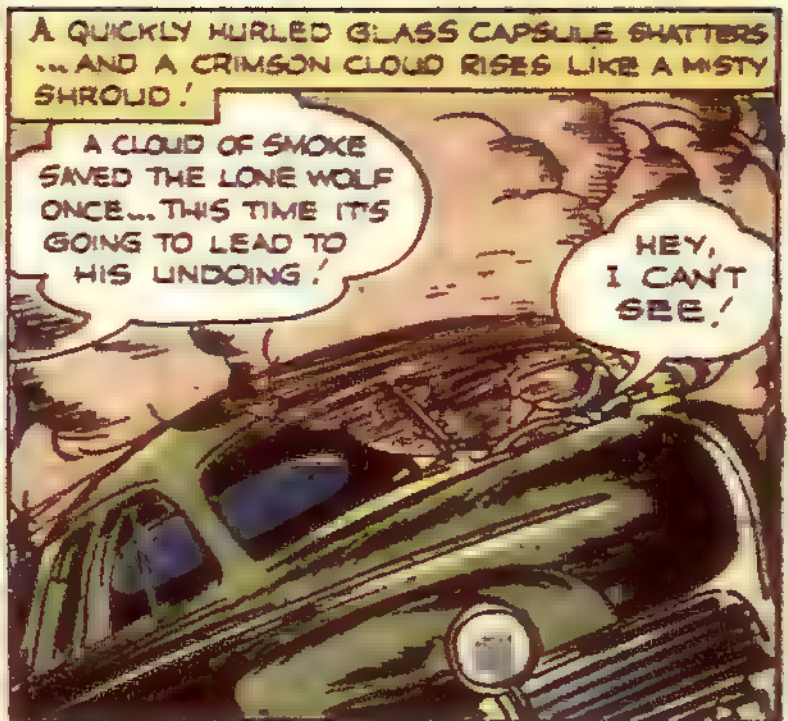
WING OILY BIRD...





THIS TIME
HE GET OUT
OF GARAGE!

NOT
YET,
WING!



A QUICKLY HURLED GLASS CAPSULE SHATTERS
...AND A CRIMSON CLOUD RISES LIKE A MISTY
SHROUD!

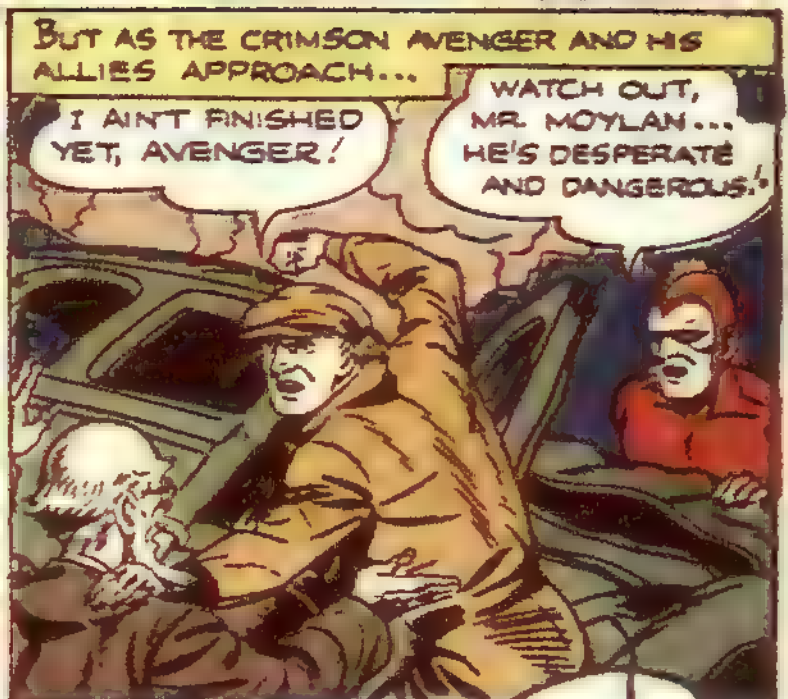
A CLOUD OF SMOKE
SAVED THE LONE WOLF
ONCE... THIS TIME IT'S
GOING TO LEAD TO
HIS UNDOING!

HEY,
I CAN'T
SEE!



THAT'S THE END
OF THAT GETAWAY!
COME ON, LET'S
PICK UP THE
PIECES!

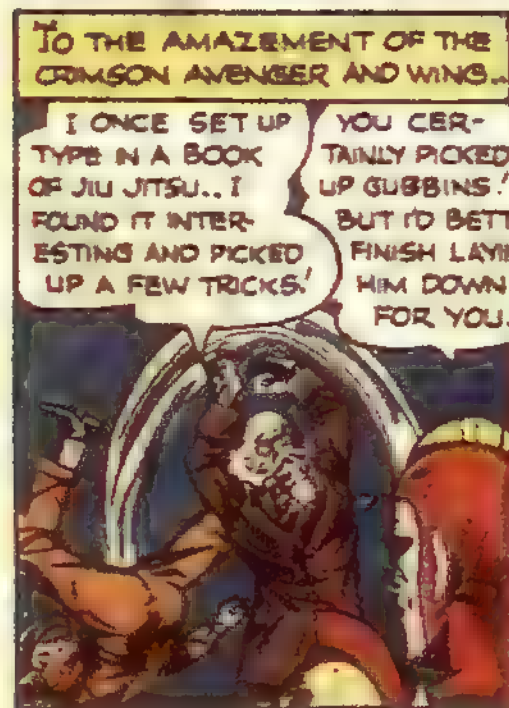
CRASH!



BUT AS THE CRIMSON AVENGER AND HIS
ALLIES APPROACH...

I AINT FINISHED
YET, AVENGER!

WATCH OUT,
MR. MOYLAN...
HE'S DESPERATE
AND DANGEROUS!



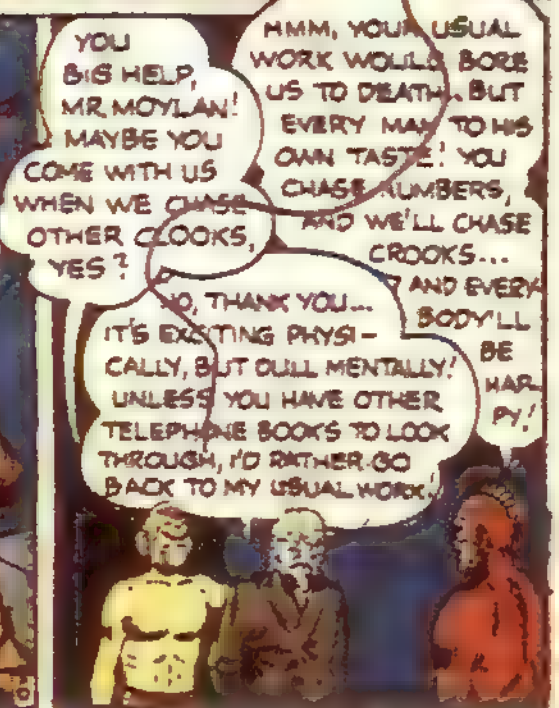
TO THE AMAZE-
MENT OF THE
CRIMSON AVENGER AND WING...

I ONCE SET UP
TYPE IN A BOOK
OF JIU JITSU... I
FOUND IT INTER-
ESTING AND PICKED
UP A FEW TRICKS!

YOU CER-
TAINLY PICKED
UP GUBBINS!
BUT I'D BETTER
FINISH LAYING
HIM DOWN
FOR YOU!



LIKE THIS!
THAT FINISHES
THE CASE OF
THE LONE
WOLF!



YOU
BIG HELP,
MR. MOYLAN!
MAYBE YOU
COME WITH US
WHEN WE CHASE
OTHER CROOKS,
YES?

HMM, YOUR USUAL
WORK WOULD BORE
US TO DEATH... BUT
EVERY MAN TO HIS
OWN TASTE! YOU
CHASE NUMBERS,
AND WE'LL CHASE
CROOKS...

NO, THANK YOU...
IT'S EXCITING PHYSI-
CALLY, BUT DULL MENTALLY!
UNLESS YOU HAVE OTHER
TELEPHONE BOOKS TO LOOK
THROUGH, I'D RATHER GO
BACK TO MY USUAL WORK!

AND EVERY
BODY'LL
BE
HAP-
PY!

SLAM BRADLEY

JEWELS VANISH INTO THIN AIR WITH NOT A SINGLE CLUE... UNTIL SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN CRASH HIGH SOCIETY, FORGETTING ETIQUETTE AND SOWING CONFUSION AMONG THIEVES AS THEY RECOVER A FORTUNE IN GEMS IN THE STRANGE CASE OF...

The PERFUMED DIAMONDS!



NIGHT.. AND SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN PREPARE DUDS FOR A SOCIETY DEBUT....

YOU NEED SOME HEIGHT, SHORTY... BUT LET'S SEE IF CLOTHES REALLY MAKE THE MAN!

ANYWAY MY BRAINS ARE FULLGROWN! AS THOSE HOODLUMS WHO HAVE BEEN PULLING THE JEWEL THEFTS AT THE VAN TROTTER MANSION WILL SOON DISCOVER!

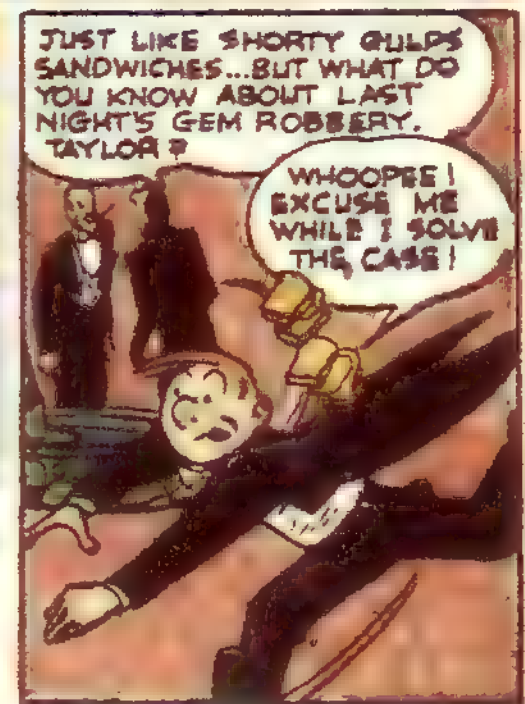
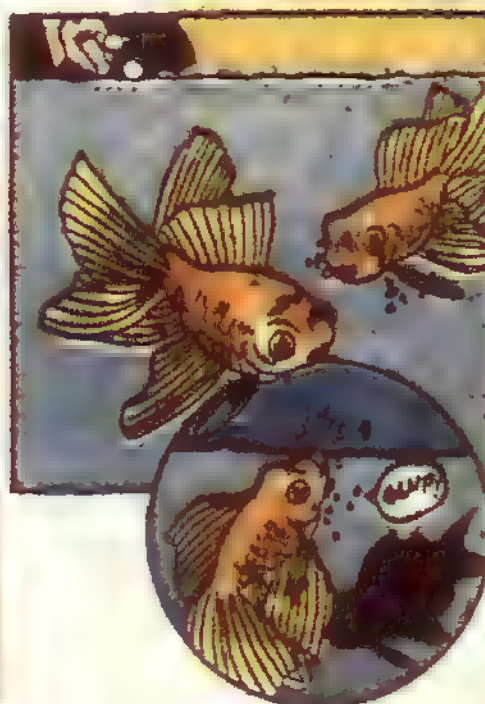
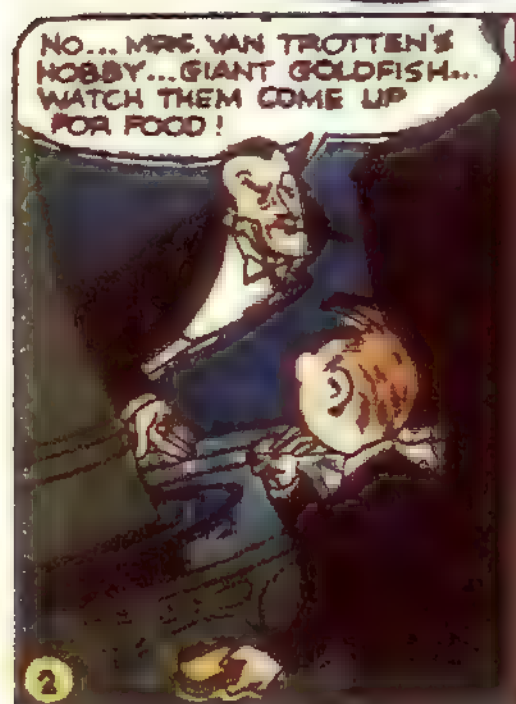


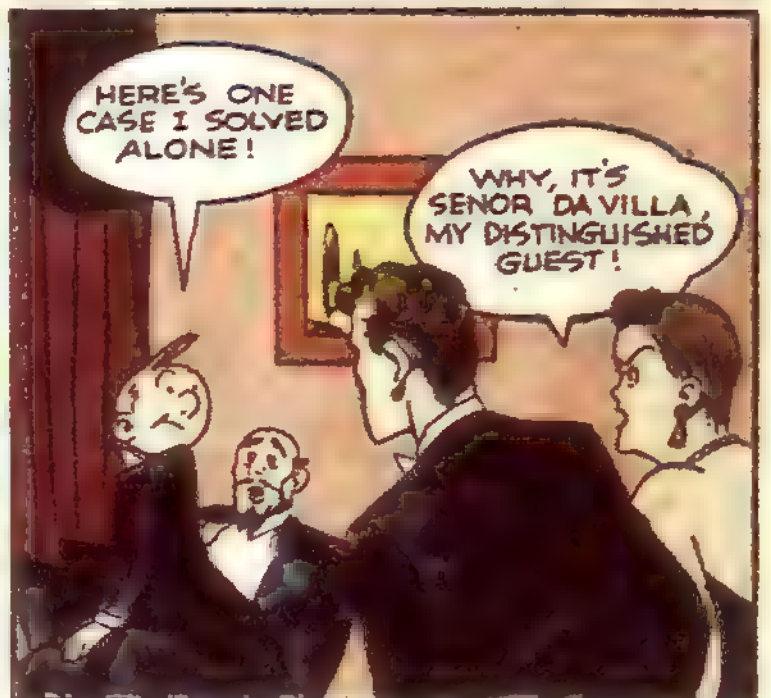
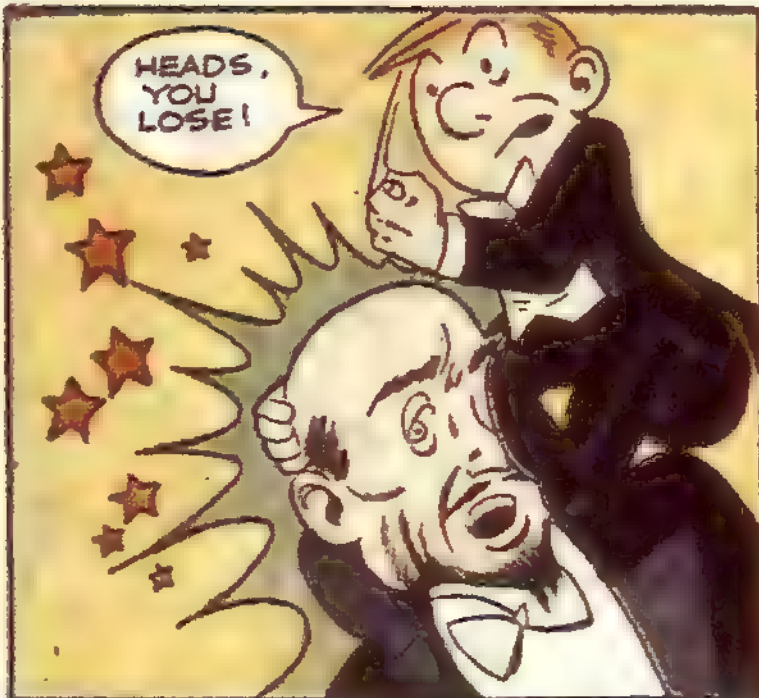
LATER....

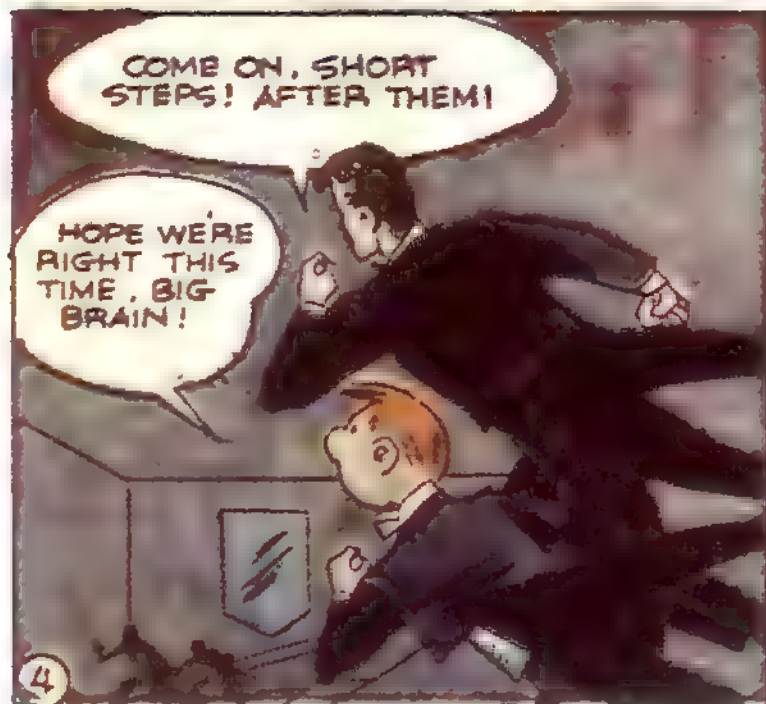
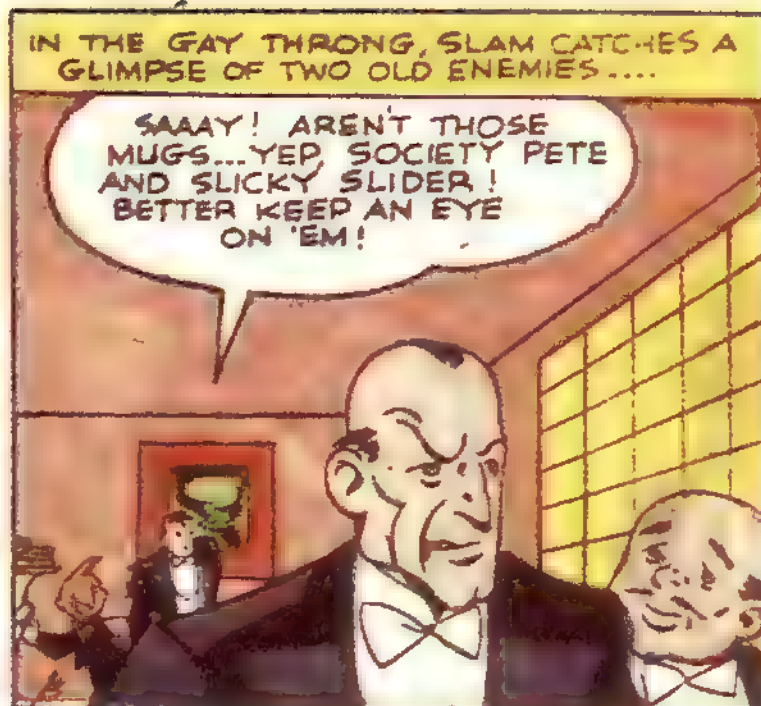
AND I HOPE THE THIEVES DON'T... BUT WHO'D EVER KNOW ME IN THIS DISGUISE!

MRS. VAN TROTTER EXPECTS US!











WHERE'S THE DIAMONDS? I'M ALREADY COUNTING THAT REWARD MONEY!

HERE'S A LUMP TO HIDE UNDER YOUR TOP HAT!



MEET JULIUS CAESAR!

AND HIS FRIEND, MARC ANTONY!

FISTS ARE BETTER THAN PLASTER BUSTS!

AND YOU CAN USE 'EM MORE THEN ONCE!

SOCIETY PETE AND SLICKY ARE DRAGGED BACK TO THE BALLROOM....

BUT WHEN PETE AND SLIDER REVIVE...

THERE! WE'VE SEARCHED 'EM AND THEY HAVEN'T GOT THE DIAMONDS...THEY'RE OUR INVITED GUESTS!

WAKE UP AND HAND OVER THOSE DIAMONDS!

IT'S A MISTAKE... I'M INNOCENT, YER HONOR!

I AIN'T GOT NO SPARKLERS ON ME!

I JUST STEPPED OUT FOR A SMOKE!

ME TOO!



ONLY I DON'T LIKE DE
ODOR! PHOOEY! DEM
JEWELS SMELL BY DA
TIME WE GET
'EM!

SO WE'LL SPRAY
'EM WIT' LADIES
POIFUME... LIKE
DA LAST ONES!

PERFUMED
DIAMONDS?
DOESNT MAKE
SENSE!

THERE'S THAT SECRETARY,
TAYLOR... HE'S FEEDING
THE GOLDFISH!

WHAT..
AGAIN?
SAY....!

IN A FLASH EVERYTHING
BECOMES CLEAR TO SLAM!

SMELL? HAVE TO PERFUME
THE JEWELS... ODOR ON
DIAMONDS... I'VE GOT
IT!!

HERE'S WHERE WE
WRAP UP THE
CASE!

THIS IS OUR THIRD
TIME AT BAT...
HOPE WE MAKE A
HIT... OR WE STRIKE
OUT FOR GOOD!

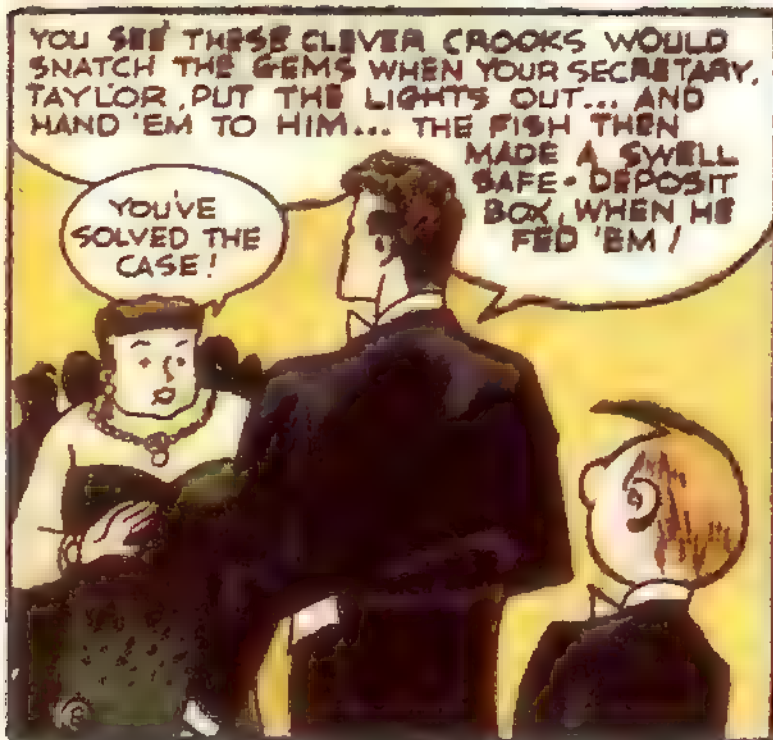
THAT'S TWO OF 'EM!
NOW FOR TAYLOR!

WE'RE IN
SOCIETY, SLAM.
NOW THAT WE'VE
GOT A SOCIAL
SECRETARY!

HOPE YOU'RE
COMFORTABLE,
FISH-
FEEDER!

CALL THE POLICE!
EJECT THESE BRUTES!
CALL THE
POLICE....

SURE, TO
HAUL OFF
THESE CROOKS...
I HOPE..
I HOPE!



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1907 OF DETECTIVE COMICS published weekly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1941.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

I, Henry Lee, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. A. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the DETECTIVE COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1907, embodied in section 237, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, P. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, J. A. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given. Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

N. Y.; H. Danneberg, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; P. M. Sampliner, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

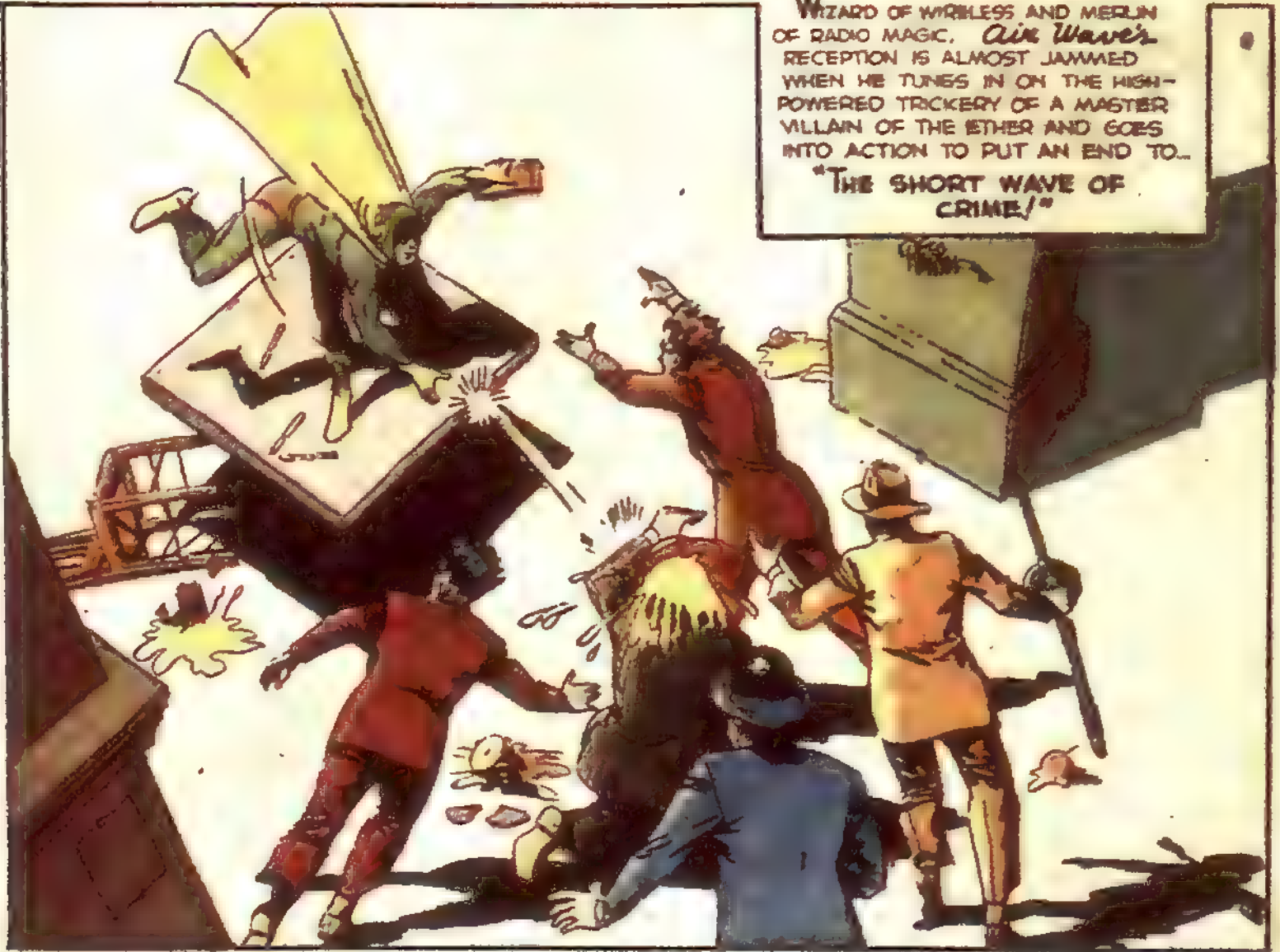
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a security other than that of a full and simple owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, partnership, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

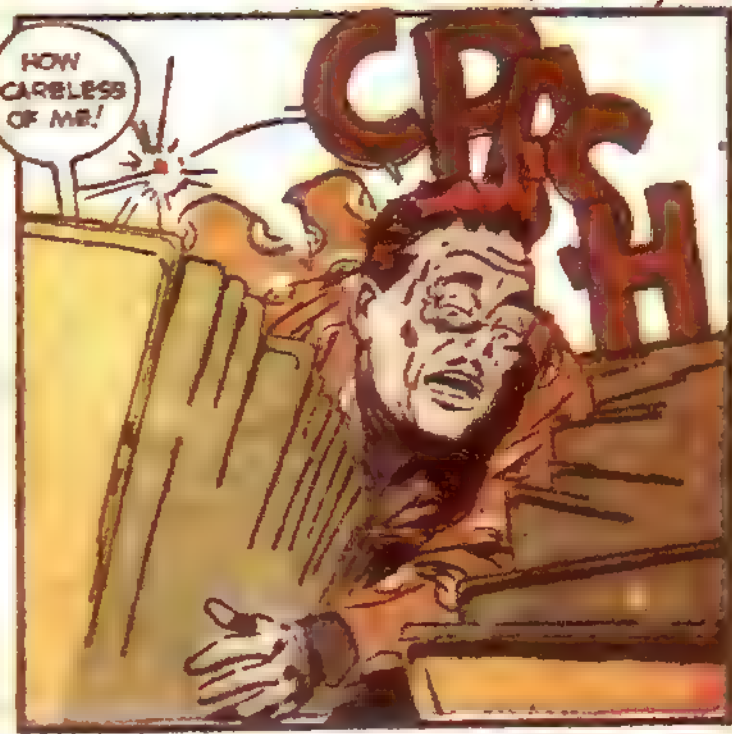
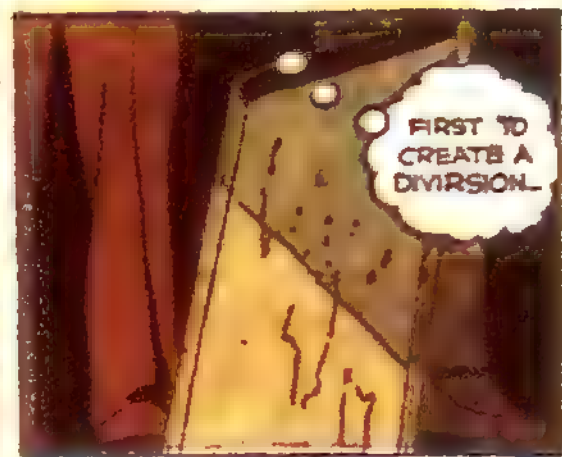
J. A. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of September, 1941.
ALFRED E. YAFFE, Notary Public (his commission expires March 20, 1942.)

AIR WAVE

WIZARD OF WIRELESS AND MERLIN OF RADIO MAGIC, *Air Wave's* RECEPTION IS ALMOST JAMMED WHEN HE TUNES IN ON THE HIGH-POWERED TRICKERY OF A MASTER VILLAIN OF THE ETHER AND GOES INTO ACTION TO PUT AN END TO...
"THE SHORT WAVE OF CRIME!"







PLEASANT DREAMS, PAL!



ABRUPTLY, AS THOUGH OPERATED BY A SINGLE FORCE, THE GANG OF THUGS RETIRE IN PERFECT ORDER...AND SILENCE...

WHOA...? THEY ACT AS IF THEY'RE OBEYING ORDERS, BUT NO ONE HAS SAID ANYTHING!

SPEEDING AFTER THE CRIMINALS, *Air Wave* IS BROUGHT TO A SUDDEN HALT!

SWELL WORK, BOYS! IT CAME OFF LIKE CLOCKWORK IN SPITE OF THAT GREEN RADIO TUBE POPPING UP! NOW WE'RE READY FOR THAT CUSTOMS HOUSE JOB... WHERE'S GAT?... LET'S GO BACK FOR HIM!

WHAT'S THIS? THE THUG'S TALKING YET HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!



STILL WITHOUT UTTERING A WORD, THE BANDITS RESCUE THEIR COMRADE AND DASH OUT, LEAVING A STUNNED *Air Wave* BEHIND...



LATER, *Air Wave*, NOW ACCOMPANIED BY HIS PARROT PAL, *Static*, TAKES UP THE TRAIL...

HASTE IS THE SPICE OF LIFE!

WELL, ANYHOW, I KNOW THEY'RE GOING TO TACKLE THE CUSTOMS HOUSE BUT THAT UNCONSCIOUS GUY TALKING HAS ME STUMPED!



THE WHOLE CASE DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! A PERFECTLY EYECUTED CRIME JUST TO STEAL SANDWICHES! SO WELL REHEARSED THAT... SAY, MAYBE THAT'S IT!

AWWRK! A STITCH IN TIME IS BETTER THAN HALF A LOAF!



SO THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE AFTER! BUT HOW DO THEY WORK! MAYBE IF I TUNE IN ON THEM I CAN FIND OUT!



...EACH OF YOU TAKE THE WATCHMAN BY YOUR ENTRANCE! IF THERE'S A BATTLE DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!

A SENSITIVE RADIO RECEIVER PICKS UP THE WORDS OF *Mr. News* TUNES IN ON A METAL PENCIL IN THE GANGSTER'S POCKET!

DO EVERYTHING YOU CAN TO PROTECT YOUR TEETH! KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!

HUH! FIRST TIME I EVER HEARD OF CROOKS BEING VAIN ABOUT THEIR DENTAL BEAUTY!



I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE TEETH!



ALL RIGHT, MEN! ATTACK!

A RADIO-SENDING AND RECEIVING SET BUILT RIGHT INTO A TOOTH! NO WONDER I DIDN'T HEAR ANY ORDERS BEING GIVEN!



MEANWHILE... INSIDE THE CUSTOMS HOUSE...

GOOD WORK, BOYS! YOU PUT THOSE GUARDS OUT OF THE WAY VERY NEATLY! NOW LOOK OVER THE CONFISCATED VALUABLES WITH GREAT CARE!



UNEXPECTEDLY THE CRIMINALS RECEIVE STRANGE ORDERS!

ATTENTION! THERE'S ONE AMONG YOU WHO'S A POLICE SPY!

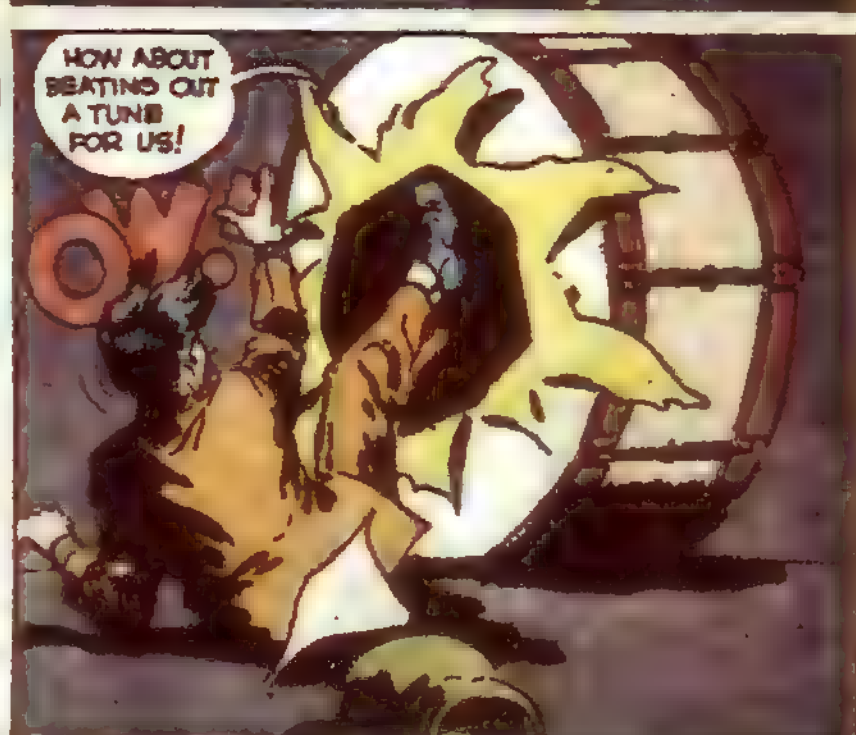


THE ORDERS BECOME MORE CONFUSED...

WHO SAID THAT?

I DIDN'T... CATCH THE ONE WHO'S THE SPY!

HE'LL HAVE HIS BADGE SOMEWHERE! FIND HIM!





YOU TWO
WILL LOOK
NICE ON A
TRICYCLE
BUILT FOR
ONE!



AWWRK!
'EAR
ME?—
NOT

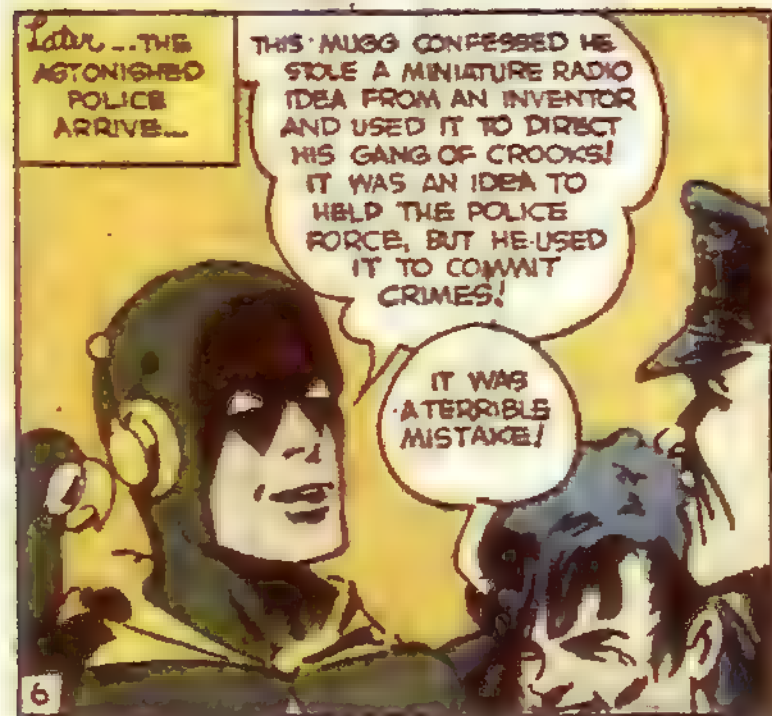


BETTER
LEAVE!
THE ODDS
ARE AGAINST
US!

THERE YOU
ARE! I WAS
WONDERING
WHICH ONE OF
YOU BOYS
WAS GIVING
THE ORDERS!



DON'T
HURRY,
THE FUN'S
JUST
STARTING!



Later...THE
ASTONISHED
POLICE
ARRIVE...

THIS MUGG CONFESSED HE
STOLE A MINIATURE RADIO
IDEA FROM AN INVENTOR
AND USED IT TO DIRECT
HIS GANG OF CROOKS!
IT WAS AN IDEA TO
HELP THE POLICE
FORCE, BUT HE USED
IT TO COMMIT
CRIMES!

IT WAS
A TERRIBLE
MISTAKE!



Still
later...

NOW, MAYBE
I CAN
FINISH
MY LUNCH
IN PEACE...

Your Work
of BONDS
WILL HELP
SHORTEN
THE
WAR!



**HELP ME SMASH
THIS MENACE!**

--- AND WIN A FREE
MEMBERSHIP IN THE
SUPERMEN OF AMERICA!

**JOIN THE
MARCH OF DIMES
AGAINST
INFANTILE PARALYSIS!**

AMERICANS EVERYWHERE ARE CELEBRATING PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHDAY BY CONTRIBUTING TO THE MARCH OF DIMES. THIS YEAR, AS IN THE PAST, YOUR DIMES WILL BE FORWARDED TO THE PRESIDENT IN WASHINGTON AND SPENT IN THE FIGHT AGAINST INFANTILE PARALYSIS. BUT HERE'S SOMETHING SPECIAL!

IF YOU SEND YOUR DIME THIS YEAR TO SUPERMAN, YOU WILL RECEIVE **ABSOLUTELY FREE** A MEMBERSHIP IN THE SUPERMEN OF AMERICA CLUB... INCLUDING PIN, SECRET CODE CARD AND

COLORFUL MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATE! AND YOUR DIME WILL BE FORWARDED WITH THOUSANDS OF OTHERS TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TO DO ITS PART IN THE FIGHT AGAINST INFANTILE PARALYSIS! USE THE COUPON BELOW OR MAKE A COPY OF IT.

THIS FREE OFFER EXPIRES MARCH 1, 1944.

**SUPERMAN,
480 LEXINGTON AVE.,
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.**

I enclose 10 cents in coin as a contribution to the March of Dimes, to help fight Infantile Paralysis. Enroll me, **FREE**, as a Member of THE SUPERMEN OF AMERICA CLUB and send me the Complete Membership Kit at once.

NAME _____ AGE _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

**SPECIAL OFFER
TO MEMBERS OF THE
SUPERMEN OF AMERICA CLUB!**

IF you are already a member of the SUPERMEN OF AMERICA CLUB, that doesn't prevent you from doing your part. If you send your dime to **SUPERMAN** for forwarding to President Roosevelt, you will receive a full-color picture of **SUPERMAN**, suitable for framing and autographed - "Thanks for your help!"
Sincerely,
Clark Kent (SUPERMAN)!

IMPORTANT: IF YOU ARE A MEMBER **DO NOT USE THE COUPON** Write your name and address in a letter and enclose your dime. The autographed picture of **SUPERMAN** will be mailed to you at once.

THE SABOTEUR

by Eric Carter

HIS real name was Henri Hans Fabriot. His mother had been German, and his father a Frenchman. So, by the very nature of things, he presumed, he must be a German. Hadn't Herr Goebbels been preaching such things for so long now? The perfect race, this new *kultur* that had sprung up.

Henri Hans Fabriot was only twenty-nine, but he was no good for war. He had had a leg amputated following an automobile accident when he was nineteen. That had been in Berlin, the night a bunch of roistering high officials of the new party, then swept into power, had struck him with their car.

Oh, they had been intoxicated all right, and when they asked his name and he told them, one of them had said:

"So your mother was German. You should go back to the good German names, my son. We are the master race, as you shall see."

"Yes, Herr . . . Herr . . ." he fumbled, embarrassed, not knowing the man's name.

"Goebbels. Paul Joseph Goebbels. Drop into the Ministry as soon as you are well."

Henri Hans, watching him, noticed the limp. Then he lay back, waiting for the ambulance. He had neglected to tell this Herr Goebbels that he, Henri Hans, did not live in Berlin. He was only visiting.

It was not until years later, that the new *kultur* came to Paris, and when the gray-clad conquerors marched triumphantly through the Champs Elysee, Henri Hans, standing with the crowd that had been commandeered, saw the man again.

And remembered. It was a fortunate remembrance, Henri Hans thought now, as he picked up his lunch pail and prepared to go to the factory the Renaults

had once owned. It was the English who owned it now, this former branch factory which had become a munitions works.

Only how cleverly these English had camouflaged their factory! It was set in the middle of a field. And all around it were dummy factories, so that no one—no airman, no worker, no spies—could know which was the right one. It was like giving the Nazis a taste of their own medicine, a game of expensive hide and seek. You try to find our factory and we'll try to find yours.

"But," Henri Hans thought to himself as he plodded toward the truck that would take him into the factory, "the English must guard against the saboteur." He smiled, thinking to himself of that day only a little over a year ago when he had stood in Goebbels's office and been informed that he had been selected to go to the saboteurs school, in the country outside Berlin.

It was the finest thing of its kind in the world, the Herr Doctor had assured Henri Hans. Only the most trusted, most capable Nazis would be admitted there. The schooling was harsh, but thorough, and when a man left there he was capable of doing inestimable damage. Herr Goebbels spoke mysteriously of the Reichstag fire, when the party was coming into power, and of some big ship across the water in the United States. "Our men do big things," he boasted, "and you, Hans, as a true German, will do them also and share in the glory that is our Fuehrer's!"

Thus, with a heil and a click was Henri Hans Fabriot, who resumed his mother's name of Shultz, initiated into the Nazi school of sabotage.

It was truly a wonderful edu-

cation. Henri Hans admitted to himself, "And something every nation should know more of," he added privately.

Walking on the street now, he nodded to other workmen. Englishmen they were. He knew their names and faces because he had been well schooled. He wondered what they would say if they realized that right within their midst was a graduate of the famed Nazi school of sabotage.

England! The island the Nazis could not conquer. Henri Hans recalled the speech of one of the instructors back in school—the boast: "The Luftwaffe will blacken the skies and with bombs light their way. England will be smoking ruins when we invade."

Back in Berlin, Henri Hans recalled, they weren't talking about that so much these days. One invasion had failed, and the Luftwaffe seemed to be losing its sense of direction every time it came over London. It managed to find the place without too much trouble. But it never did find its way home.

And now the orders were to bore from within. Saboteurs had been landed, some by parachute, some by submarine. But they had all been caught. Only Henri Hans had not been caught and here he was, working these past nine months, in an English munitions factory.

He, Henri Hans Fabriot—oh no, they had called him Shultz back in Berlin—was a saboteur. Henri's hands tingled as he thought of the things he had done. They itched to do more. Why, tonight was a milestone in his career. Or soon would be. He had been assigned to the block-busters, and would be in

charge of inspecting the delicate mechanisms that made them the worry of the Axis.

"Block-busters," he rolled the word on his tongue, like some delicious sweet, "Block-busters." He added: "And I shall be in charge."

"All out." The cheery voice of the guards roused him from his reverie. They were at the tunnel entrance that led into the real factory. There wasn't a man in the factory could tell the real place from the dummies, and maybe that was one of the reasons the Luftwaffe hadn't bombed it. That and the fact that the English were pretty accurate sharpshooters these days with their ack-ack.

No, if there was any sabotaging to be done it would have to be done in the factory.

Mechanically, Henri Hans opened his lunch box. Just the usual rations. A nod from the inspector and he went on in. He picked up his time card, punched it, and went through the big doors into the main room of the munitions factory.

He had never been in there before. A gasp escaped Henri Hans' lips as he saw the huge cranes picking up the monster bombs and placing them in the spot for shipment. They were all of a man's height and more; and what they carried inside, the Axis knew. They had felt it.

"You'll work here, Fabriot," said the foreman, a smiling Welshman. He shook hands with Henri Hans and wished him luck. "You know what to do, I guess?"

Henri Hans smiled to himself. "I do," he said aloud. Then, again, to himself: "I certainly do know what to do. I know more about these block-busters than you think, Mr. Foreman. I have been studying them since I came to work in this factory. There is nothing about them I do not know. As you will see."

He set his lunch down on the little desk and looked at the production chart. Good. These English, once they put their backs into things, couldn't be stopped. How Herr Goebbels

would love to look at these production figures. Instead, he had to content himself with merely feeling the results of the production. And anyone, even a Henri Hans Fabriot knew that such stories never make good propaganda. Except for the English.

It was with loving and tender care that Henri Hans moved among the completed block-busters. None, he knew, would observe him. To all intents and purposes, he was merely a man doing his job. And doing it thoroughly and carefully, testing this and that with trained fingers, eyeing every piece of delicate mechanism so that there would be no flaws.

In the sabotage school they had taught him this care, this careful attention to detail. It was now paying dividends. Henri Hans smiled to himself as he thought of the trust that had been placed in him by the English. Carefully, he bent over one of the block-busters. His fingers slid into the many parts of the almost-human mechanism. Then he smiled again as he twisted a coil. A moment later he straightened up, made a mark on his pad and prepared to go on.

Then he stopped. His eyes were riveted on the doorway. He saw the foreman there, pointing to him. Henri Hans didn't let his gaze stay long on the foreman. It was the other man, the tall thin man in the uniform of an English Colonel, that caused him to stiffen. Behind this man was the short, stocky figure of Weaver, of the Ministry of Defense. Weaver ran this plant.

"It is he," Henri Hans said, hollowly. "Colonel Marsh." And there was no doubt about it. Marsh it was, one of the cleverest men in Intelligence—and the last one Henri wanted to see!

He looked about for an escape, but knowing in his heart that he couldn't flee. Even now, Marsh was coming toward him with the lithe, tigerish glide that characterized his walk.

His hand fell on Henri's arm. "Well," he said. "So we've finally caught up with you, have we?"

Henri started to protest, then remained quiet. He felt as if the eyes of every workman in the place were on him. Actually, they weren't. Each man and woman was so busy attending to the job that none noticed the little drama.

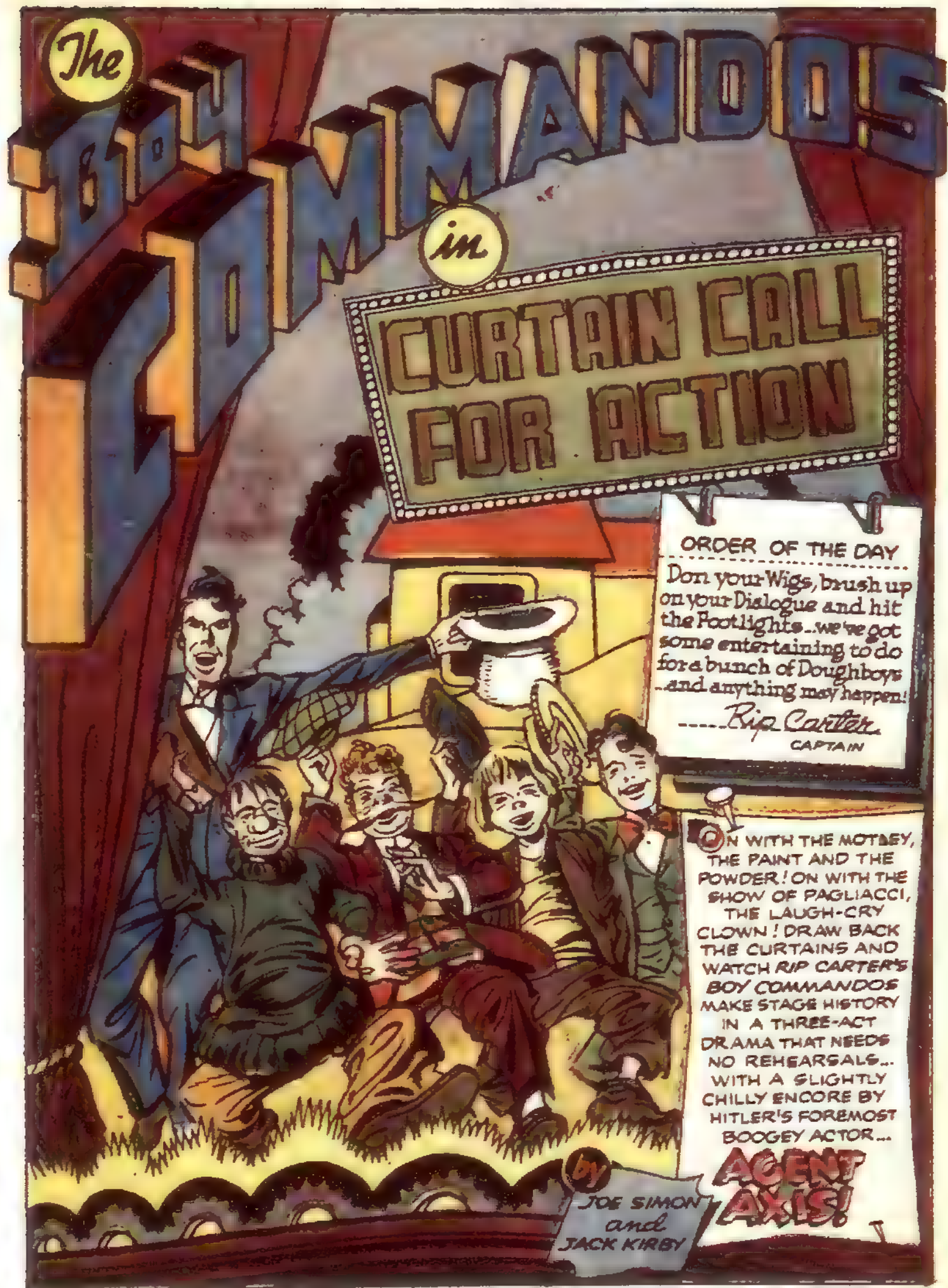
And so, without fanfare, Henri Hans Fabriot, graduate of the school of sabotage in Germany, was ushered into Weaver's office and told to sit down.

He sat and his eyes were pleading. He almost cringed as Colonel Marsh said sternly: "Now, Henri Hans, what is all this nonsense?" He raised his hand. "I know you. You don't want to take time off. But we've had enough of your hiding behind anonymity. Tomorrow, whether you like it or not, you are going to be presented, right in this factory, with a medal!"

The Colonel's voice rose indignantly. "When, nine months ago, the underground informed us you were coming here to give us information on the school of sabotage and its operator, Henri, we knew you could be trusted. We wanted to reward you. But you refused to let us. Like the true Free Frenchman you are, you insisted on working in our factories, where you again have proved yourself."

Marsh paused, then said softly. "Henri Hans, you have stepped up production considerably since you have come to work here. Your ideas on the block-busters have been accepted by the War Office and will be put into immediate execution. Your fellow workers, and your countrymen should know the kind of fighting Frenchman you are. But you refuse to let us honor you. Now what do you want? What do you want to do?"

Henri Hans smiled. "Sabotage!" he said. "They taught it to me, those barbaric Nazis. And, by working here I am sabotaging them—and shall continue until the day France is free again!"



The

BOY COMMANDOS

in

CURTAIN CALL
FOR ACTION

ORDER OF THE DAY

Don your Wigs, brush up on your Dialogue and hit the Footlights...we've got some entertaining to do for a bunch of Doughboys...and anything may happen!

-----Rip Carter
CAPTAIN

ON WITH THE MOTBEY, THE PAINT AND THE POWDER! ON WITH THE SHOW OF PAGLIACCI, THE LAUGH-CRY CLOWN! DRAW BACK THE CURTAINS AND WATCH RIP CARTER'S BOY COMMANDOS MAKE STAGE HISTORY IN A THREE-ACT DRAMA THAT NEEDS NO REHEARSALS... WITH A SLIGHTLY CHILLY ENCORE BY HITLER'S FOREMOST BOOGIE ACTOR...

AGENT
AXIS!

by
JOE SIMON
and
JACK KIRBY

THIS IS WAR...
AND THE
ENEMY IS
EVERYWHERE!
ON THE
BATTLEFIELD
HE IS AN
ARMORED
BRUTAL ANIMAL-
DESTROYING
EVERYTHING
IN HIS PATH!
BEHIND THE
LINES...HE
IS THE
LURKING
SHADOW...THE
LISTENING
EAR...THE
KNOCK
AT THE
DOOR...



YOU HAVE
A VACANT
ROOM...MAY
I SEE IT?

WHAT KIND
O' APARTMENT
BE YA
WANTIN?

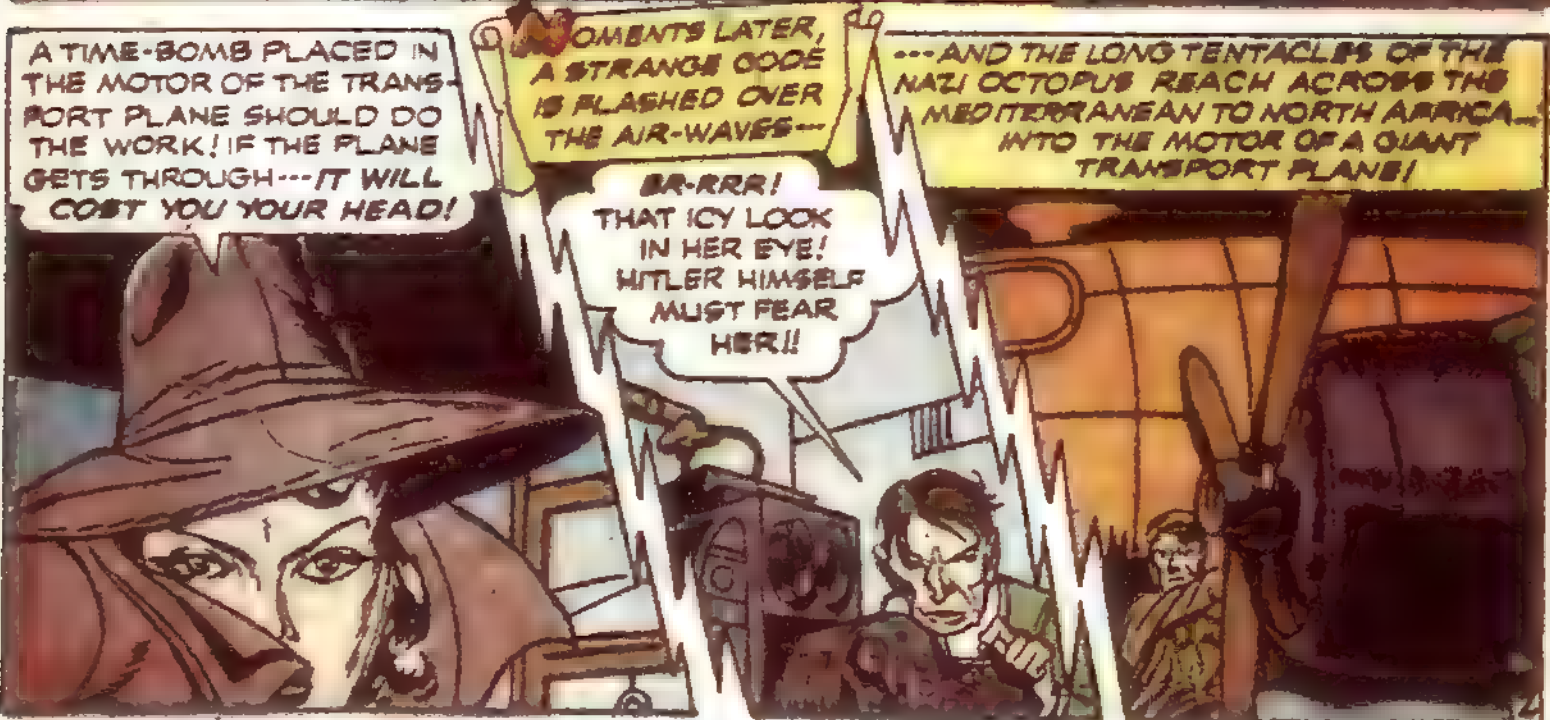


I SEE YOUR APART-
MENTS RUN ALPHA-
BETICALLY! IS ROOM
"A" VACANT?

THE LETTER
"A"—THE
CODE! TH-
THEN YOU'RE
NOT DEAD!
Y-YOU'RE
AGENT
AX—

YOU FOOL! MUST
I STOP YOUR
BREATH TO STILL
YOUR CARELESS
TONGUE?

THE AMERICAN GENERAL,
BLAYFIELD, IS FLYING TO
JOIN HIS TROOPS TONIGHT...
HE MUST NEVER REACH
HIS DESTINATION!



A TIME-BOMB PLACED IN
THE MOTOR OF THE TRANS-
PORT PLANE SHOULD DO
THE WORK! IF THE PLANE
GETS THROUGH---IT WILL
COST YOU YOUR HEAD!

MOMENTS LATER,
A STRANGE CODE
IS FLASHED OVER
THE AIR-WAVES---

---AND THE LONG TENTACLES OF THE
NAZI OCTOPUS REACH ACROSS THE
MEDITERRANEAN TO NORTH AFRICA...
INTO THE MOTOR OF A GIANT
TRANSPORT PLANE!

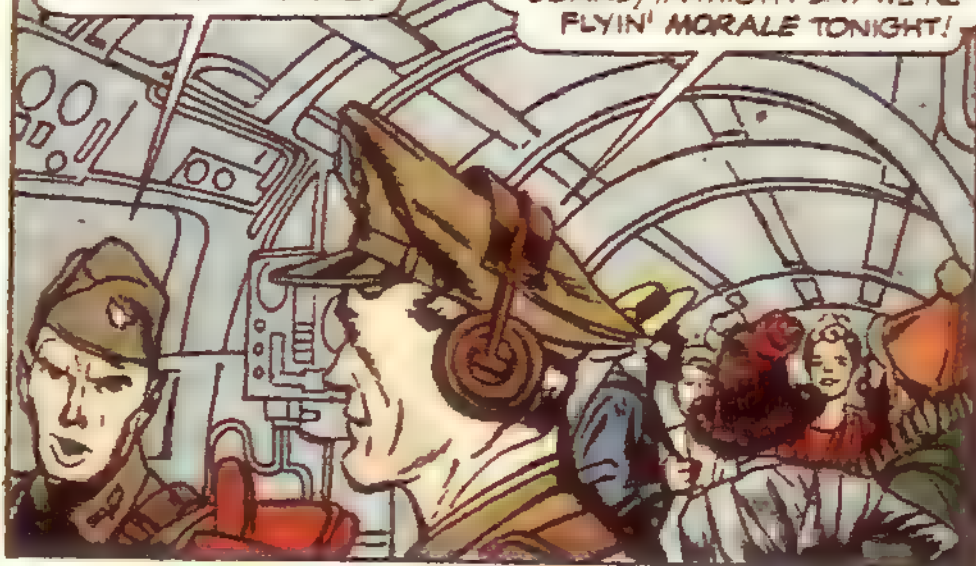
BR-RRR!
THAT ICY LOOK
IN HER EYE!
HITLER HIMSELF
MUST FEAR
HER!!

THE PLANE ROARS INTO THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT... GUIDED ONLY BY THE PILOT'S INSTRUMENTS...



CAN YOU BEAT IT, JERRY... JUST AS WE GET A CHANCE TO HAUL A BIG GUY LIKE BLAYFIELD ... HE TAKES ANOTHER PLANE!

SOME ROTTEN LUCK, I CALLS IT! BUT AT LEAST WE HAVE SOMETHING! WITH ALL THOSE USO ENTERTAINERS ON BOARD, YA MIGHT SAY WE'RE FLYIN' MORALE TONIGHT!



SUDDENLY...

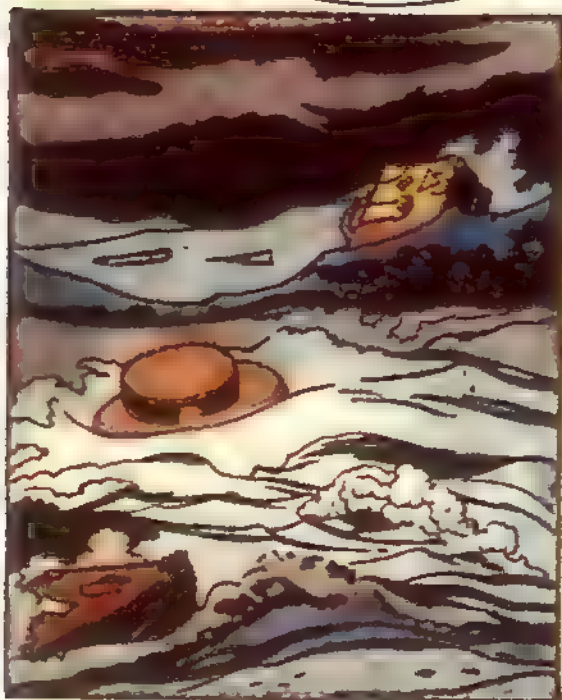
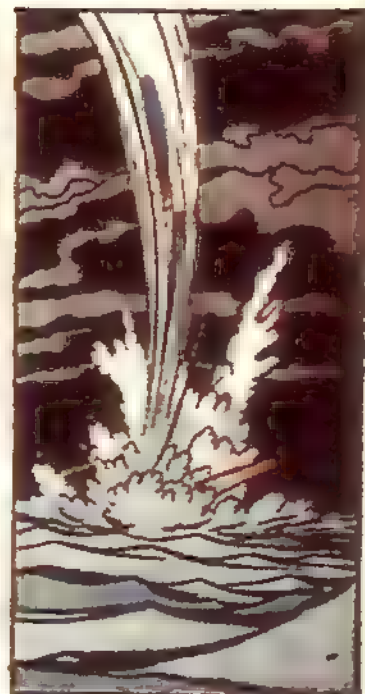
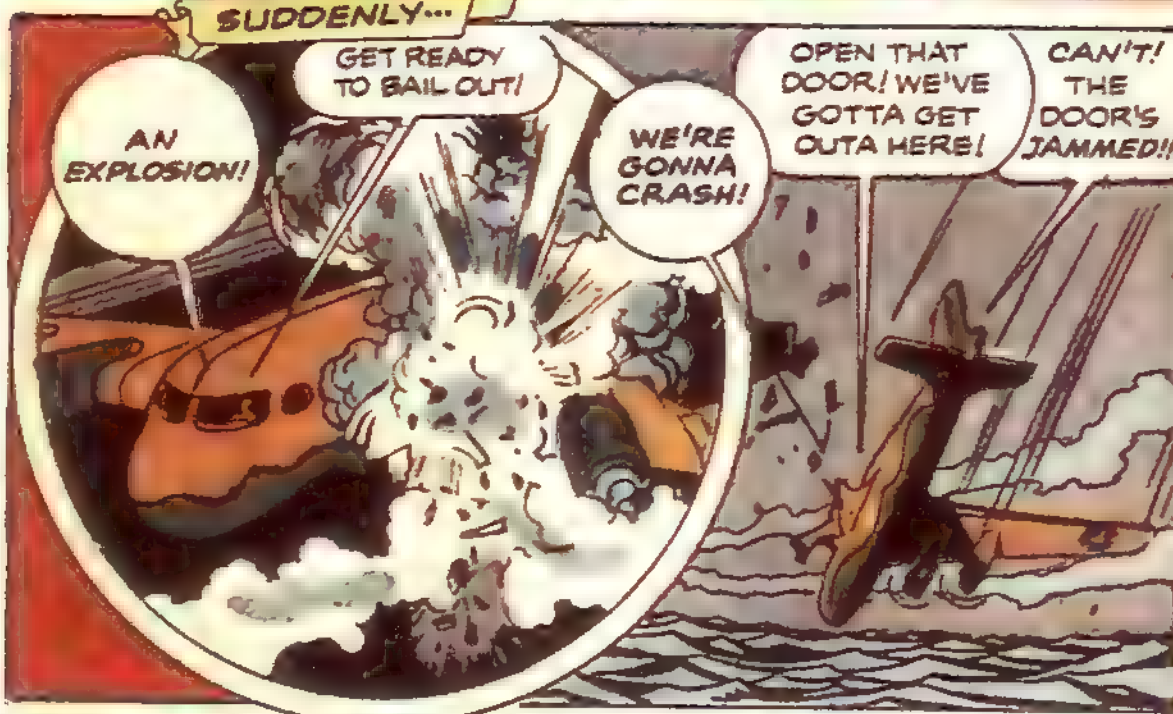
AN EXPLOSION!

GET READY TO BAIL OUT!

WE'RE GONNA CRASH!

OPEN THAT DOOR! WE'VE GOTTA GET OUTA HERE!

CAN'T! THE DOOR'S JAMMED!!



MEANWHILE, AT AN ALLIED BASE, SOLDIERS HAVE FILLED THE U.S.O. THEATRE... AWAITING THE VAUDEVILLE OPENING... UNAWARE OF THE FATE WHICH BEFELL THE ENTERTAINERS!



GR-RR! WOTTA
COSTUME!
HOPE NONE
O' DE BOYS
FROM HOME
IS IN DE
AUDIENCE!

CAN YA
BEAT IT--?
BLIMEY...
H'I'M GONNA
BE A REAL
H'ACTOR!

HURRY UP AND GET
INTO THOSE COSTUMES!
IT'S PAST CURTAIN
TIME NOW!

LISTEN, GANG! THE NAZIS SABOTAGED
THAT USO DETACHMENT---AND THE
SOLDIERS OUT THERE EXPECT A
SHOW! ARE WE GOING TO LET
THEM DOWN---OR GIVE THEM
A PERFORMANCE?

WHILE BACKSTAGE...

H'I'T'LL BE
A BLOOMIN'
PLEASURE
TO ACT
FOR 'EM!

I'LL BE
DE BEST
TROOPER
SINCE
COHAN!

GOOD! GENERAL
BLAYFIELD IS IN
THE FRONT ROW!
LET'S GIVE 'EM
A SHOW!

CURTAIN!
ON STAGE!!

HELLO, FOLKS!
AND GOOD
EVENING
FRIENDS!

USO

SO YOU CAME
'ERE ON A
SECRET MISSION,
EH, BROOKLYN--
WOT H'IS H'I'T?

I DUNNO!
IT'S SO
SECRET
THEY DIDN'T
TELL ME!

WOW!
WHAT A
CORNY
JOKE!

WHAT DID
ZE THREE
RUSSIANS
SAY AFTER
DINNER?

SO
VEE
ET!

WHO'S DAT
GUY WOT'S
DRESSED
AS A
STRAWBERRY
BLONDE, RIP?

NEVER
SAW HIM
BEFORE...
AND SAY--
WHERE'S
HE
GOING?

OW'RE WE
DOIN'
BROOKLYN?

NOT SO HOT WIT
DESE CLUB FEET
O' MINE...BUT DAT
GUY WHO'S MADE
UP LIKE A DAME
IS GETTIN' CHUMMY
WIT DE GENERAL!

TAP!
TAP-TAP-TAP!
TAP!

THE MUSIC STOPS---A
DRAMA WITHIN A DRAMA
IS PRESENTED---

NOW...GET
UP, GENERAL!
WALK TO
THE EXIT!

WH-WHAT'S
THE MEANING
OF THIS? ARE
YOU SERIOUS?

IF YOUR MEN
MAKE ONE FALSE
MOVE, GENERAL
BLAYFIELD....
I WILL NOT
HESITATE TO
KILL YOU!

YOU'RE
PLAYING A
DANGEROUS
GAME,
YOUNG
LADY!

I DON'T KNOW
WHO WROTE
HER SCRIPT...
BUT THAT'S
NOT PART OF
THE SHOW!

DAT WUZ NO
SOLDIER---
DAT WUZ A
GOL!

SACRE
BLEU!! I
CANNOT
BELIEVE
WHAT I SEE!

DON'T! SHE'LL
KILL THE
GENERAL!

ONE SIDE,
YANK...THAT'S
AGENT AXIS!

LEAVE AT
DAT LAME-
BRAIN
DAME!



WHA---? THE
GESTAPO!!
HOW'D THEY
GET HERE?

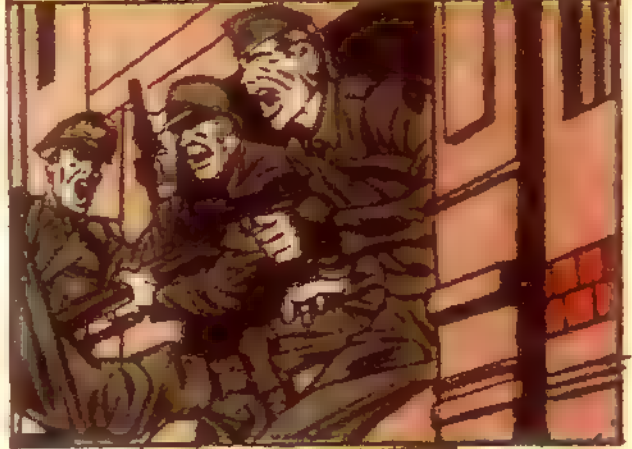
DIRTY SNEAKS!
TYKE THAT!!

HERE COMES
DE FLATBUSH
EXPRESS, RAT!

SOK!



BY NOW THE SURPRISED YANK TROOPS RECOVER THEMSELVES AND POUR FROM THE EXIT--



TO FIND...

THE SECOND ACT IS ALL OVER, BOYS!

THE RATS MUSTA BEEN SNAUGLED PAST DE GATE ON FAKE PASSES!

BUT, RIP.. DER CAR LEFT-- MIT DER CHENERAL!



NOT THIS TIME, BOYS... AGENT AXIS ESCAPED WITHOUT THE GENERAL!

LET ME GIVE A HAND SIR!



ARREST THESE... THESE COMMANDOS!

HEY! WOT IS DIS? WE'RE YA PALS, GEN'RIL!



PUT THEM IN THE GUARDHOUSE-- THEY WILL AWAIT TRIAL FOR--



...ASSISTING GESTAPO AGENTS TO ENTER THIS CAMP!

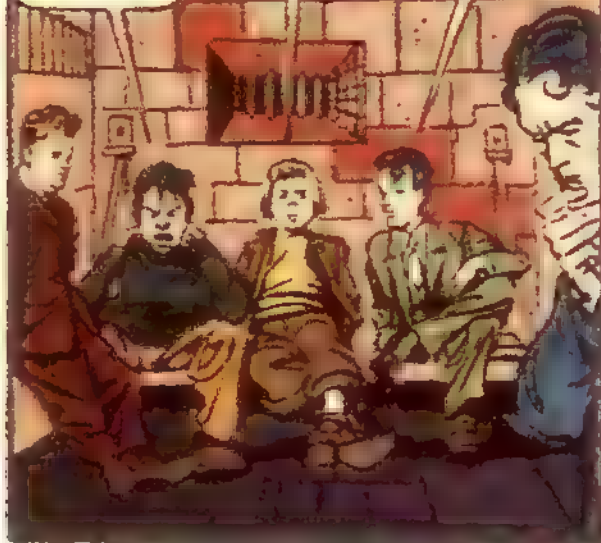


LATER...

THOUGH MY HEART IS FILLED WITH SORROW... LAUGH, CLOWN... BAH!

YAH!! DER SHOW MUST GO ON! HAH!!

EES THEENK-ING ZE AMERICAIN GENERAILE DO FUNNEE THEENG'S!



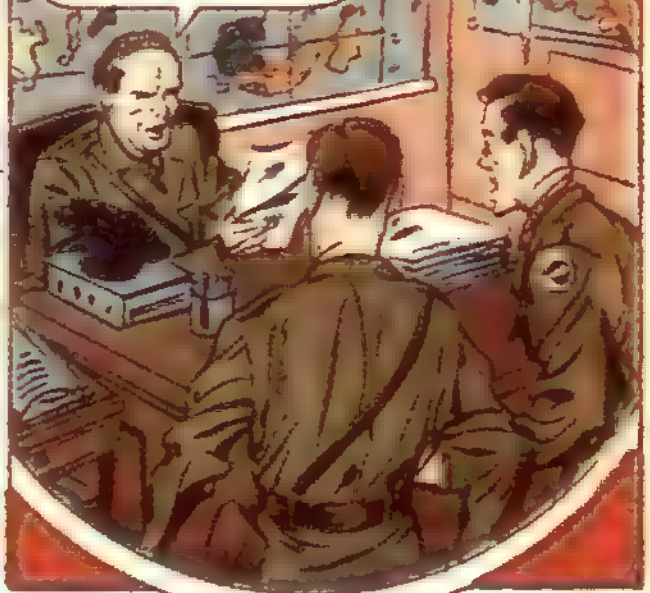
THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER GOING ON, FELLOWS. AND I CAN'T SAY EXACTLY WHAT IT IS... BUT WE'VE GOT TO BREAK OUT OF THIS PLACE AND CLEAR OURSELVES!



WHILE AT THE GENERAL'S HEADQUARTERS...

NEVER MIND A TRIAL! TAKE THOSE TRAITORS OUT AND EXECUTE THEM... NOW!

BUT, SIR-- YOU CAN'T JUST--



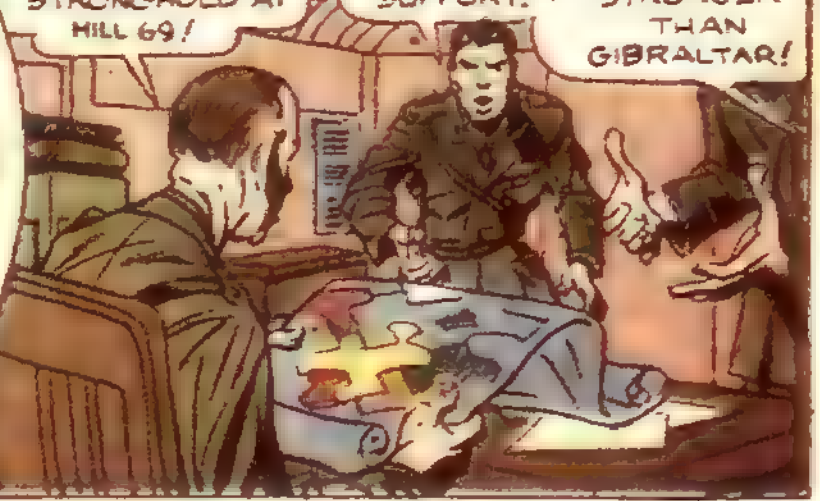
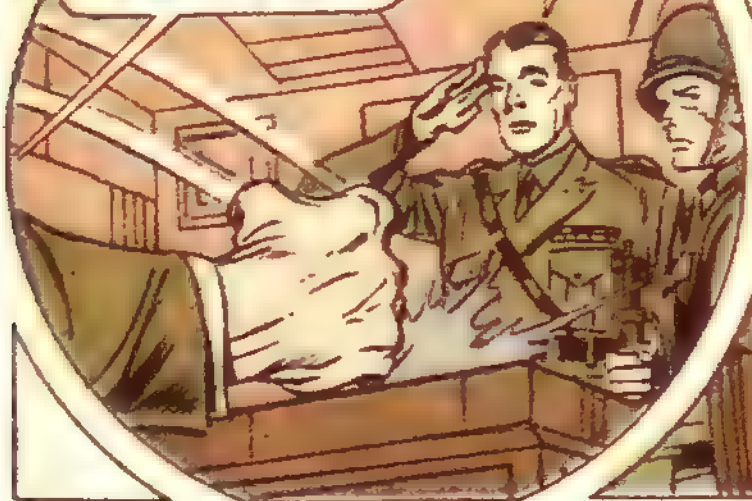
WHO SAYS I CAN'T? I'M RUNNING THIS MAN'S ARMY... AND I SAY SHOOT THEM!

YES, SIR!

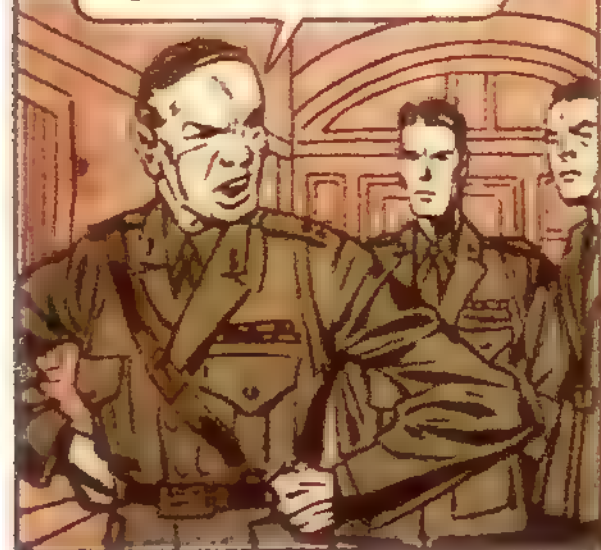
NOT ONLY THAT, STUPID... BUT I'M ALSO GIVING ORDERS FOR AN ATTACK ON THE NAZI STRONGHOLD AT HILL 69!

BUT, SIR... WE HAVEN'T AIR AND TANK SUPPORT!

IT WOULD BE OUTRIGHT MURDER, SIR! HILL 69 IS STRONGER THAN GIBRALTAR!



THERE'S NOTHING TOO STRONG FOR OUR SOLDIERS! ISSUE THE ORDER TO ATTACK AT DAWN... THAT'S ALL!



RELUCTANTLY, THE AMERICAN OFFICERS FOLLOW THEIR UNDEMOCRATIC ORDER... TO SHOOT THE COMMANDOS WITHOUT TRIAL! RIP AND THE BOYS WALK DAZEDLY UNDER GUARD... SHUFFLING OUT TO THE COURTYARD TO DIE... A TRAITOR'S DEATH!!



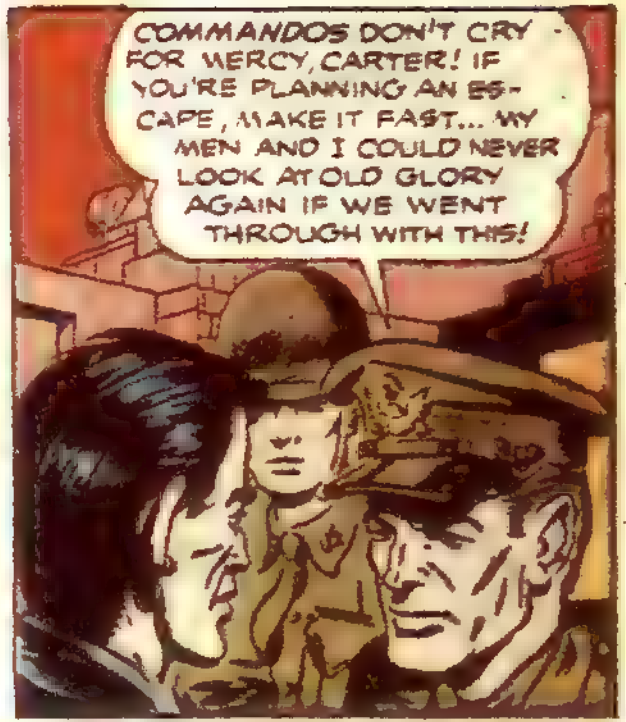


BOO-
HOO-
HOO...

SNIFF...
SNIFFLE!

SEE, GUARDS...THEY'RE
MERE BOYS! THIS IS
TOO MUCH FOR THEM--
CAN'T THEY JUST FEED
US POISON?

SORRY,
CARTER!
GENERAL
BLAYFIELD'S
ORDERS!



COMMANDOS DON'T CRY
FOR MERCY, CARTER! IF
YOU'RE PLANNING AN ES-
CAPE, MAKE IT FAST... MY
MEN AND I COULD NEVER
LOOK AT OLD GLORY
AGAIN IF WE WENT
THROUGH WITH THIS!



SUDDENLY---

T'ANKS FOR DE
RAIN CHECK,
YANK! HATE
TA DO DIS!

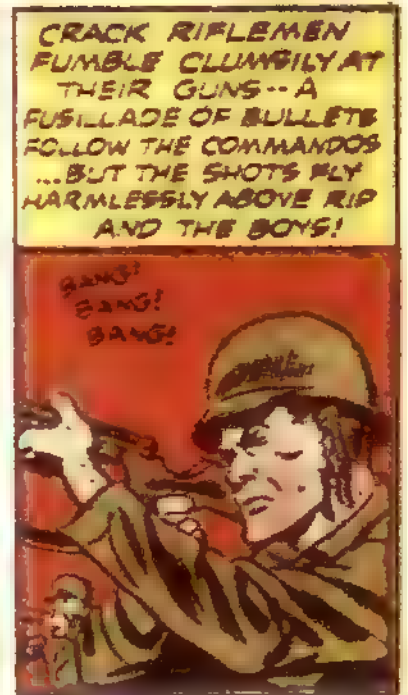
WE
WON'T FOR-
GET THIS,
CAPTAIN!

OY'M SORRY
TOO, CHUM!



THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS
REACT AMAZINGLY SLOW
TO STOP THE ESCAPING
PRISONERS--WHOM
THEY CAN EASILY
OVERWHELM!

AH--ER--HALT!
HALT, I SAY!



CRACK RIFLEMEN
FUMBLE CLUMBILY AT
THEIR GUNS-- A
FUSILLADE OF BULLETS
FOLLOW THE COMMANDOS
...BUT THE SHOTS FLY
HARMLESSLY ABOVE RIP
AND THE BOYS!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



CAREFUL,
YOU GUYS!
DO YOU WANTA
HIT 'EM?



THE
COMMANDOS
ARE
LEAVIN'!!

COME ON, FELLAS!
WE'VE GOT TO OP-
ERATE FAST! BUT
FIRST LET'S FIND
SOME COVER!



WE'LL BE SAFE HERE
...NOW LISTEN...I'VE
GOT MY OWN
IDEAS ABOUT THAT
GENERAL---



JUST BEFORE WE LEFT
THE GUARD HOUSE...I
HEARD ABOUT HIS ORDER
TO ATTACK HILL 69...THE
YANKS WILL BE WIPED
OUT TO A MAN IF THAT
ORDER IS CARRIED
OUT... SO HERE'S
WHAT WE'LL DO--

HMM...
IT MIGHT
WOIK AT DAT!

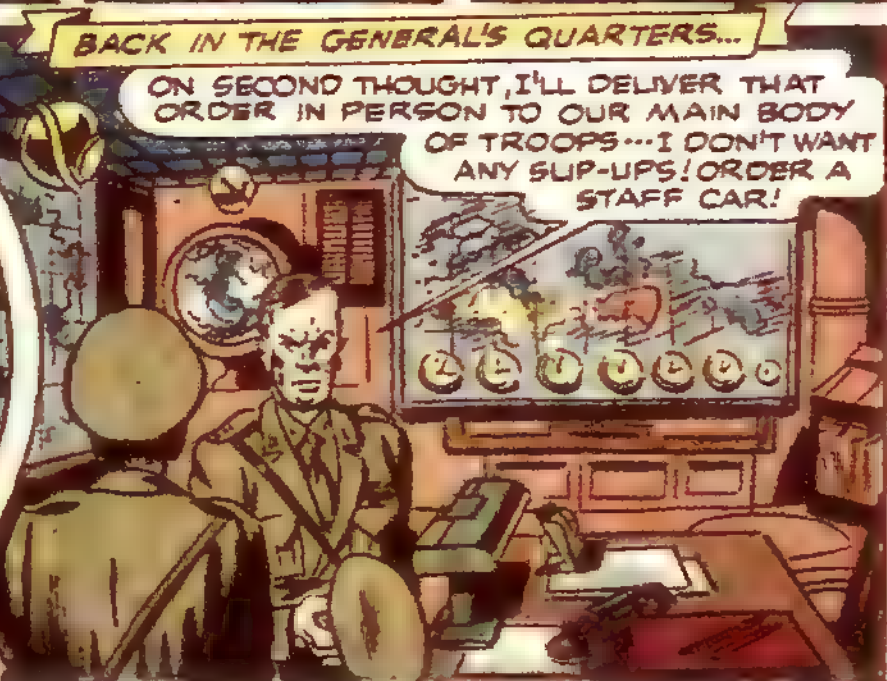


THIS WAY! THE MAIN HIGHWAY
THAT LEADS TO THE FRONT IS
ABOUT A MILE FURTHER NORTH!



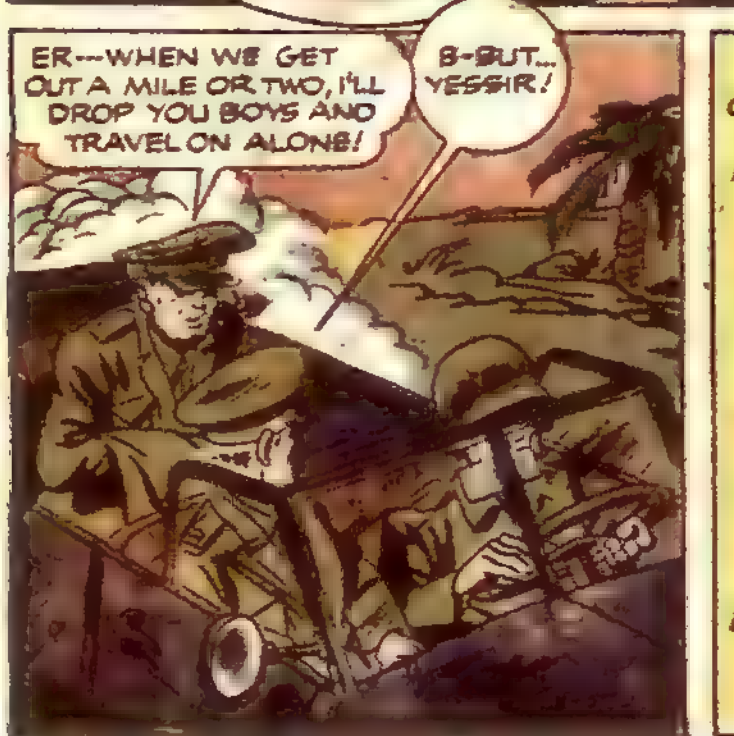
BACK IN THE GENERAL'S QUARTERS...

ON SECOND THOUGHT, I'LL DELIVER THAT
ORDER IN PERSON TO OUR MAIN BODY
OF TROOPS...I DON'T WANT
ANY SLP-UPS! ORDER A
STAFF CAR!



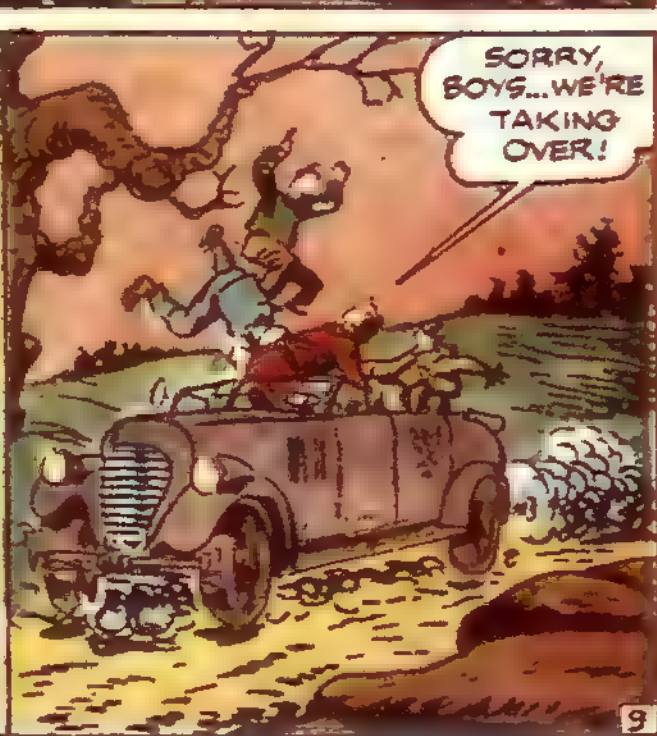
ER--WHEN WE GET
OUT A MILE OR TWO, I'LL
DROP YOU BOYS AND
TRAVEL ON ALONE!

B-BUT...
YESSIR!

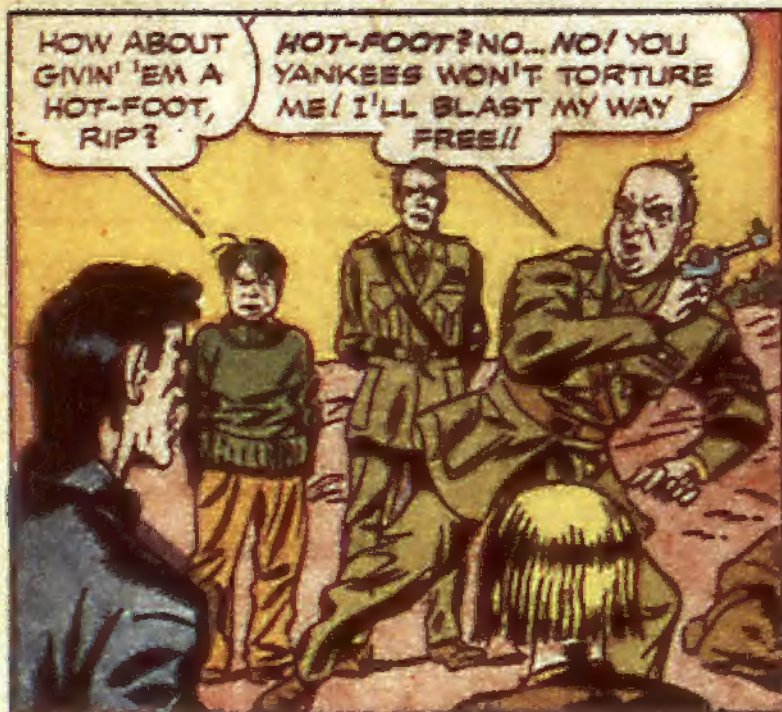


As
QUIETLY
AS
FALLING
LEAVES,
LITHE
FIGURES
HURTL
FROM
AN
OVER-
HANGING
LIMB
AS
THE
STAFF
CAR
ROARS
BENEATH!

SORRY,
BOYS...WE'RE
TAKING
OVER!







HOW ABOUT GIVIN' 'EM A HOT-FOOT, RIP?

HOT-FOOT? NO... NO! YOU YANKEES WON'T TORTURE ME! I'LL BLAST MY WAY FREE!!



I THOUGHT SO, YOU RAT! THE HOT-FOOT IS NOT A TORTURE! IT'S JUST AN OLD SLEEPER TRICK THAT ANY AMERICAN UNDERSTANDS!



A GRAND JOB YOU AND YOUR COMMANDOS DID, CAPTAIN CARTER! I MUST SAY I WAS A BIT WORRIED UNTIL YOU THOUGHT OF THE "HOT-FOOT"!

JUST A LITTLE ITEM THE NAZI MASTER MEN OVERLOOKED, SIR!



BUT AGENT AXIS---WHAT ABOUT HER? SHE SEEMED TO HAVE FACED AWAY AFTER THE CAR CRASHED!

AS USUAL! AND SHE ISS NOT AN EASY VLN TO FOLLOW!

SHE'S AS CUNNING AND DEADLY AS A RATTLER, SIR-- SHE PROVED THAT WHEN SHE SNEAKED THE GESTAPO AGENTS AND THE FAKE GENERAL INTO CAMP!



SHE MADE THIS RAT UP TO LOOK EXACTLY LIKE YOU, SIR...AND HER PLAN MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED...IF THEY HADN'T MADE ONE SLIP...



HE TRIED TO RUN OUR ARMY WITH THE SAME UNDEMOCRATIC METHODS WHICH THE NAZIS USE... AND THAT'S WHAT MADE OUR BOYS SUSPICIOUS!

...ERR... REEP! WE HAVE ZE SHOW TO FINISH!



--H'AN' SYE, CLANCY--'OO WUZ THAT LADY I SAW YOU WITH LAWST NOIT?

THAT WUZ NO LADY-- THAT WUZ AGENT AXIS! YUK! YUK!!

AND YOU CAN HELP FINISH THE BIG SHOW OVER THERE BY BUYING WAR BONDS&STAMPS!

Boys!

FREE

5 POWER TELESCOPE



WITH THIS OFFER

If you order the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun at once, we will include this big 13-inch 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE. It's made with genuine ground, polished glass lenses. Enlarges everything to 5 times its size—brings objects 5 times closer. Perfect for spotting planes, ships, birds, sporting events, etc. We will also include a valuable Airplane Chart FREE, showing 31 Allied and Axis planes in silhouette so that they could be easily identified.

New COMMANDO KRAK-A-JAP MACHINE GUN



*Safe!
Harmless!*

How would you like to play "WAR" with your very own Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun? So completely does it resemble the real machine gun used by our Commandos, that you will get a thrill when you get it in your hands. You will be positively amazed when you hear its loud machine gun noise that can be heard for hundreds of feet.

The Krak-A-Jap is made of wood and non-critical material and it's built to stand up and take plenty of hard knocks. It measures over 27 inches from the handle to the tip of the gun and it is painted in true army camouflage colors throughout. It's loads of fun—makes a noise like a real battle is going on—but it's absolutely SAFE and HARMLESS. Rush your order today while our limited supply lasts.

BOYS! BE THE FIRST ONE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN A "KRAK-A-JAP"

What a thrill you will get when you actually own and use the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun. The gang will be green with envy if you are the first one in your neighborhood to get a Krak-A-Jap Commando Machine Gun and the FREE 5-Power Telescope.

You needn't send a single penny. Have Dad or Mother fill out and mail the "no risk" coupon. When your Krak-A-Jap and Free Telescope arrive, just pay the postman \$1.98 plus a few pennies postage and c.o.d. charges. If the Krak-A-Jap isn't more fun than a "barrel of monkeys," just return it within 10 days and we will refund your money in full. Don't forget, if you RUSH your order at once, we send you the big 5-Power Telescope absolutely FREE.

SEND NO MONEY

To Get Your COMMANDO Machine Gun and FREE Telescope

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 1517
884 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I enclose my check or money order for \$1.98. Please rush me the new Commando Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun with the understanding that if I am not fully satisfied with it, I may return it in 10 days and get my money back. You are to include absolutely FREE the 5-Power Telescope described above.

Name

Address

City State

☐ Please ship the Krak-A-Jap Machine Gun and Free Telescope c.o.d. I will pay the postman \$1.98 plus postage and c.o.d. charges.

☐ Please send me 2 Krak-A-Jap Machine Guns and 2 Free Telescopes at the special price of \$2.79 (a saving of 11¢).

Hurry Fellas! Rush This Coupon

Super Stamp Outfit

BIG 10-UNIT KIT

Including Stamp Album.. Stamp Packets
Great Magnifying Glass.. Stamp Supplies
You Get All These FREE With This Offer

NO "APPROVALS"
TO BUY!

Whether you are a stamp collector or not, here is an opportunity to get FREE such astonishing merchandise that it seems almost unbelievable. You receive ABSOLUTELY FREE all kinds of choice stamps and stamp materials...

a collection of wonderful supplies which you will spend many days and weeks enjoying... and many years of delightful possession. All these are yours FREE & CLEAR by accepting our offer on the wonderbook of adventures and treasures, "Fabulous Stamps". Remember, these wonderful stamps and album and magnifying glass and other supplies are yours to keep and enjoy... You don't have to buy any "approvals"... You don't have to be an "approval applicant"... All these stamps and merchandise are yours WITHOUT A PENNY COST.

One of the FREE items in this Big 10-UNIT Collection is the extraordinary, picture-packed Album shown above. It contains thousands—yes, THOUSANDS—of illustrations of stamps... appearing under HUNDREDS of different countries... and additional spaces for thousands of other stamps from all over the world... Also explains in simple language and pictures how to start your stamp collection... We are also sending you FREE all kinds of valuable stamps so you can start at once putting them into this wonderful, big Album.

FREE

with this offer

Actual Size
of Magnifier
Almost 1/2 Foot
in Circumference

MAGNIFIER

YOU GET ALL THESE FREE

- 1 A Great Magnifying Glass, Strong Lens, Optically Ground & Polished. Neatly mounted in sturdy frame with handle.
- 2 Wonder Packet of Odd & Quiver Stamps, including Triangle, Diamond, Giant, and Midget. No duplicates.
- 3 Super Packet of Air Mail Stamps, including U. S. & Foreign. No duplicates.
- 4 Magnificent Packet of Different Commemorative Stamps. No duplicates.
- 5 Picturesque Packet of Different Animal Stamps. No duplicates.
- 6 Colorful Packet of Assorted Stamps from all over the World. No duplicates.
- 7 Perforation Gauge with Millimeter Scale and Rule.
- 8 Packet of Fine Peelable Stamp Hinges for attaching Stamps to Album Pages.
- 9 Watermark Detector for Stamps, with directions for use.
- 10 Big, picture-packed Album, including thousands of stamp illustrations, etc.

HERE ARE FORTUNES IN STAMPS

This great book, **FABULOUS STAMPS**, tells astounding stories, and gives information which may lead you to a fortune. It gives the complete histories of marvelous stamps, and is full of pictures. You will gasp with astonishment at some of these tales about rare stamps... how people have made fortunes out of different stamps... You simply must see this great book... Only a person like John W. Nicklin, the well-known stamp dealer and author, with his lifetime knowledge, could have written these exciting, fortune-making stories. No wonder his writings have been bought by thousands of collectors all over the world... Whether you are young or old, whether you are a stamp collector or not, doesn't matter. These true adventures of discovered treasures will give you knowledge to make you the envy of your friends... and they suggest how you too, like so many others, might make your fortune in discovering valuable stamps. So don't delay, send for it today.

BIG FREE OFFER

EXAMINE IT FREE This great wonderbook, Nicklin's **FABULOUS STAMPS**, is offered to you now for only \$1.98 plus postage, a substantial reduction from its former price. We will include **ABSOLUTELY FREE** with your order **ALL THE STAMPS & MERCHANDISE** described above. You are sure to be 100% thrilled and delighted, but if you're not you may return them for full refund within five days. But you must **ACT AT ONCE**, because the difficulty in getting all these materials may soon force us to withdraw this **SUPER FREE OFFER**. Send no money. **RUSH COUPON TODAY.**

METRO PUBLICATIONS, 50 WEST 17th ST., NEW YORK

FABULOUS
STAMPS

ORDER
WHILE
SUPPLY
LASTS

SEND NO MONEY

METRO PUBLICATIONS, Dept. 414-C
50 West 17th Street, New York 11, N.Y.

Send me a copy of **FABULOUS STAMPS**... also include my **FREE** Super Stamp Outfit which consists of the 10-Unit Collection—Stamp Album... Stamp Packets... Magnifying Glass... and Stamp Supplies. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on arrival. If I am not satisfied I may return them within five days for full refund.

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

☐ Check here if you are enclosing \$1.98, thus saving mailing costs (same refund guarantee).
Canadian orders, \$2.50 in advance

HURRY! HURRY!

SELL SEEDS FOR VICTORY GARDENS

GET YOUR PRIZE!

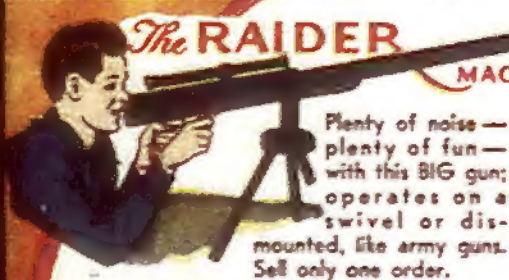


\$1000.00
IN GRAND AWARDS

in addition to your regular prize
WIN CASH or U.S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS
Mail Coupon TODAY

PRE-FLIGHT TRAINING SET—Exactly like regular airplane cockpit—every instrument moves. Gunsight and cannon trigger too. This complete outfit for selling only one order.

FREE
Secret bombsight game, with this wonderful prize.

The RAIDER
MACHINE GUN

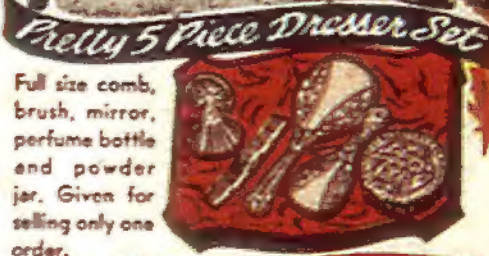
Plenty of noise—plenty of fun—with this BIG gun; operates on a swivel or dismounted, like army guns. Sell only one order.



OFFICIAL SOFTBALL SET

Boys! Softball's the popular game.

Here's the big 3 piece outfit for it. An official softball and a regulation bat—also a Big League type cap to give you that real "baseball player" look. All for selling one order.




Pretty 5 Piece Dresser Set

Full size comb, brush, mirror, perfume bottle and powder jar. Given for selling only one order.



GIVEN

5 CLOTH BOUND BOOKS—Over 200 pages each. Choose any five from 24 thrilling stories for boys, girls and all the family—all 5 given for selling only one order.



AXE AND TELESCOPE SET

A strong, regulation size hand axe with sheath that can be attached to your belt for instant use and a compact 5 power telescope that every camper, hiker or woodsman needs. All given for selling only one order.



GIVEN!

Gene Autry HOLSTER SET

BOYS! Here's that Set you've wanted. "Tesan" type pistol in jeweled holster, leather belt, kerchief and larlet—ALL for selling only one order.



Say it With Music

Full size, sweet-toned Ukulele, decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instruction sheet FREE. Sell only one order.



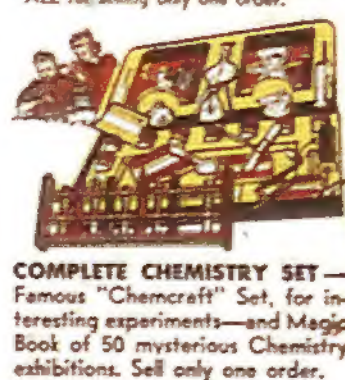
Gene Autry Guitar

This Genuine Gene Autry Guitar will delight you. Given for selling only one order PLUS \$3.00 extra.



CANDID-TYPE CAMERA GIVEN

This fine Camera takes 16 pictures on each roll of film—easy to operate. Sell only one order.

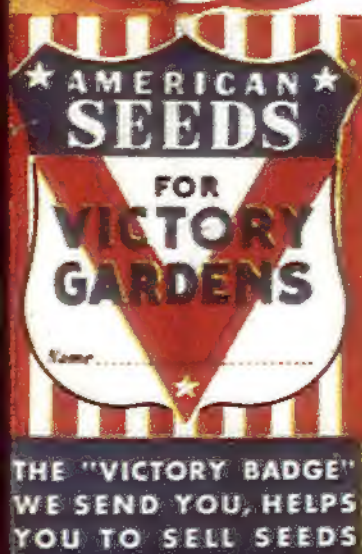


COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET—Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 mysterious Chemistry exhibitions. Sell only one order.



CROQUET SET
CARRYING RACK INCLUDED

Hours of fun for ALL the family with this full-size Croquet Set. Solid rock maple balls and mallets. Handsome carrying rack also included. Given for selling one order PLUS \$1.50 extra. Wt. 15 lbs. Sent Express Collect.



AMERICAN SEEDS
FOR
VICTORY GARDENS

Name _____

THE "VICTORY BADGE" WE SEND YOU, HELPS YOU TO SELL SEEDS

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given **WITHOUT COST** for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds for Victory Gardens—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. **GET BUSY**—send coupon today for free prize book and seeds.

OUR 26TH YEAR

Send No Money—We Trust You

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 100, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 100, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

R.F.D. Box or Street No. _____

City _____ State _____